Saturday Review

OCTOBER 20, 1956 / 20¢

HE GLOBETROTTER'S OLDEN DECADE: 1946-1956

Special Report

Juan T. Trippe: "Travel, like education, is no longer a luxury for Everyman." (See Travel Section).

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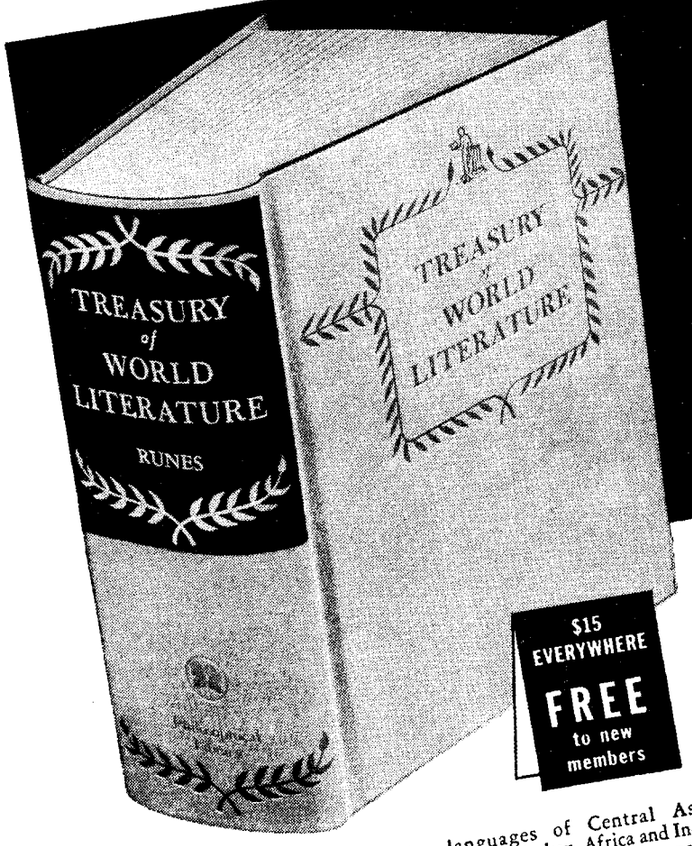

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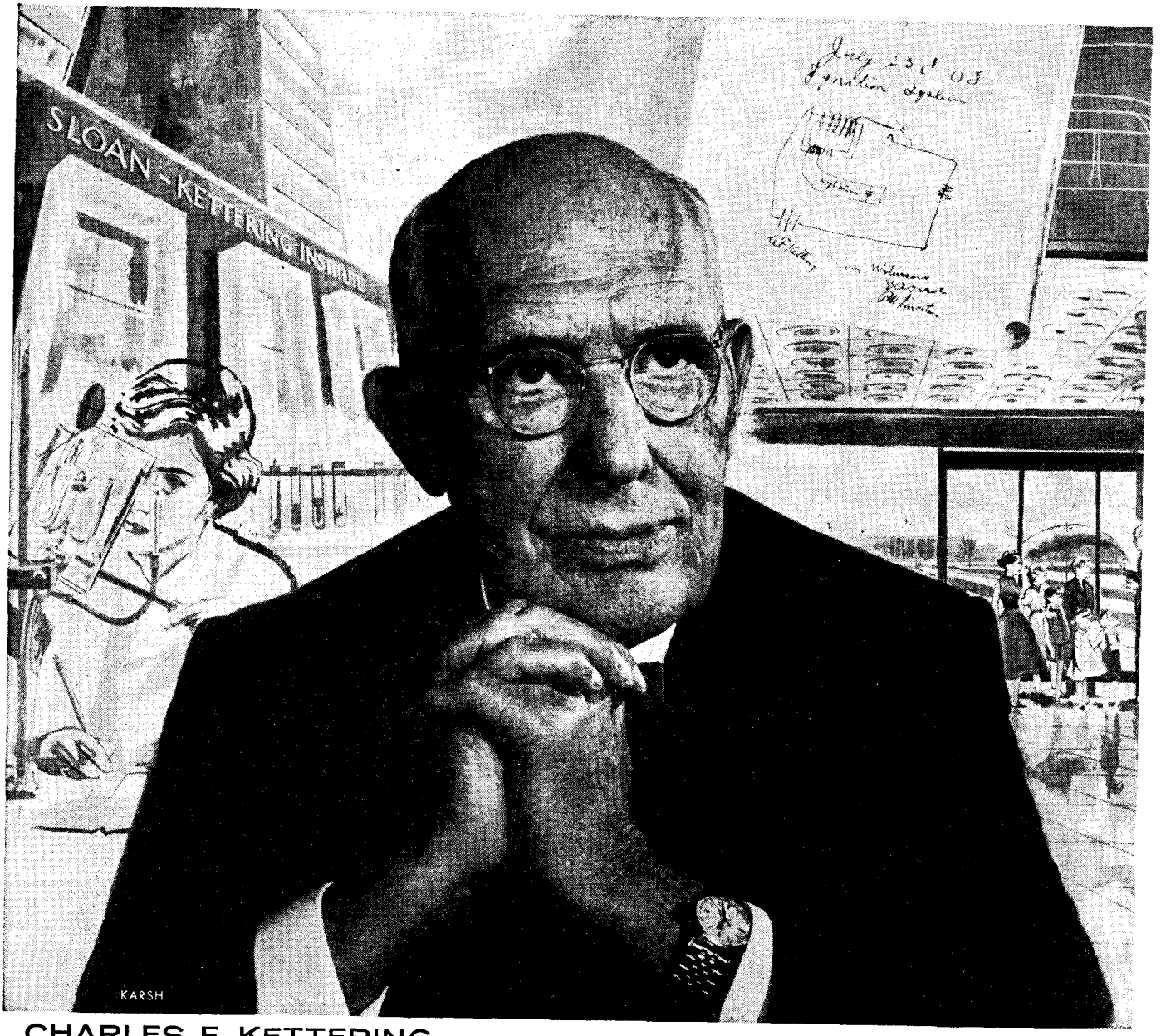

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Charles F. Kettering Speaks to Young America:

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An Oil Progress Week message from a great American

"When a man's life has been a great and wondrous adventure, he often looks back in search of the turning point—that single moment which opened the door to his great adventure. For me that moment came more than 60 years ago, in a small Ohio school house, when an enthusiastic country school teacher awoke in me a burning interest in the fascinating world of science. He ignited a spark that led me to a wonderful and rewarding career in automotive engineering, in basic scientific research and now in the battle against cancer.

"As rich as my life has been, today's exciting era of rapid discovery and almost unbelievable technological progress offers young people with inquisitive minds—*and a good education*—scores of richly rewarding opportunities that were not even dreamt of in my youth. *One* Thomas Edison in a generation is no longer enough to sustain our kind of progress—today we literally need thousands of well-educated young people with the kind of vision, imagination and courage that took Edison on his lifelong conquest of the unknown.

"This is why I am constantly urging boys and girls to go on to as full an education as possible—not only in science and engineering, but in the arts, the social sciences, the humanities or any other field that fits their talent.

"Right now, however, I am frankly trying to guide as many youngsters as possible toward science and engineering—not only because these fields have been so good to me—not only because present-day America offers such wonderful opportunities in these fields, but because a very real shortage of young scientists and engineers exists today.

"The number of engineers and scientists now being graduated is barely enough to cover replacement requirements. But at our rate of progress, the needs of industry, government and education are skyrocketing every day.

"This is why America's greatest need is also your greatest opportunity! We are looking to you and to every boy or girl who has ever dreamt of inventing a better automobile engine . . . of building a magic kitchen . . . of curing a dread disease . . . of harnessing a new source of power . . . or of searching for the riches lying under land and sea.

"But remember, only *you* can make these dreams come true! You must start right now—by working hard on your High School course in mathematics, chemistry, physics or biology—if you want to take your place as one of the admired and respected scientific leaders who will guide us all to a better tomorrow.

"Take it from an old engineer—making your country's progress your profession is an exciting and rewarding way to spend your life."

C. F. Kettering

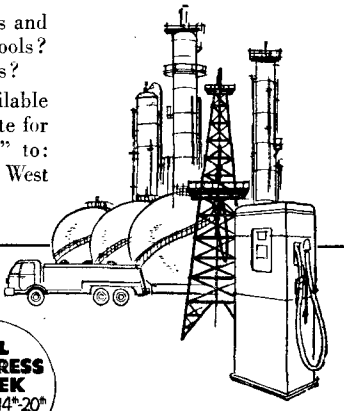
To America's Parents—Here's What You Can Do:

1. When you talk to your children about the future—stress the need for a higher education.

2. Because of the special need and opportunity for scientists and engineers, encourage your youngsters to take mathematics and science courses early. Encourage their interest in scientific hobbies.

3. At your PTA and other civic meetings, ask these questions: Are adequate mathematics and science courses available in your local schools? Are there enough qualified science teachers?

4. To see what great opportunities are available in just one industry—the oil industry—write for the free booklet, "Careers in Petroleum," to: American Petroleum Institute, Box 18, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.



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Editor-at-Large

Most readers who have reached a certain age (by which I suppose I mean my own) will remember the thrill of reading, back in 1934, Irving Stone's "Lust For Life."

This book which is still very much alive and the basis for the current movie, helped spark the revival of interest in Vincent Van Gogh, and established Stone as a master of the biographical novel. Since it appeared, he has done other vastly popular novels about such persons as Jack London, Jessie Benton Fremont, Rachel Jackson and Mary Todd Lincoln.

He has also written straight biographies including one of Clarence Darrow and "They Also Ran," the story of the men who were defeated for the Presidency. (The latter, incidentally, makes fine reading for an election year). In all his work his meticulous research has won the respect of the professional historians.

Now, as his contribution to Doubleday's Mainstream of America series, he has written the history of the Far West—California, Colorado, Nevada and Utah — in the years from 1840 to 1900.

"Men To Match My Mountains" is the book's title, and the story is the fascinating one of the people who opened the West: the explorers and emigrants; the gold and silver miners and the Mormons; the railroad titans and the bankers and the politicians.

As a historian Irving Stone knows his facts, as a novelist he can write history in an extremely readable narrative form, and as a native Californian he has a firsthand knowledge of the country about which he writes.

A Coloradoan myself, I read this book with some care. I can pay it no higher tribute than to say that this Californian kept me interested all the way, not only in the story of my own state and Nevada and Utah, but even that of California.

I am confident that all Americans who care for good writing about history will share my interest.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Men To Match My Mountains," by Irving Stone ($5.95; Autographed Far West edition, $10.00) is the seventh volume in the Mainstream of America series. Copies of this and other Mainstream books may be obtained from your bookseller or at any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops. A limited number of copies of a brochure on the career of Irving Stone are available free of charge from L. L. Day, care of Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

The Saturday Review

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TRADE Winds

MAKING A RECOGNIZED author rewrite a piece three or four times is a well-nigh impossible task, but Harold Ross, the late, great editor and founder of *The New Yorker* magazine, possessed the magic formula. Maggie Harriman, in her rollicking new book of memoirs, "Blessed Are the Debonair," tells how Ross performed the operation. Across the top of her third rewrite of her Helen Hayes profile he penciled, "This piece is too good not to be perfect." . . . Poor Man's Guide David Dodge swears there is actually a young lady in London—in the Social Register, too—named Lavendar Sidebottom. . . . After twenty-six years of doing business at the same stand, the Viking Press packed up its lares, penates, and pencils and moved to regal new quarters at 625 Madison, just north of Doubleday. In the confusion everything that wasn't nailed down was seized and crated, including two Viking authors. They were rescued by a porter who understands Unpakistan.

FROM A MURDEROUS review by Clifton Fadiman of a fatuous autobiography: "The major defect of this book is its choice of subject matter." . . . A big bank in Texas was robbed of $200,000 recently. "Luckily," writes Herb Stein, "all the hold-up gang made off with was the petty-cash box." . . . Jayne Mansfield, the busting-out-all-over starlet, is a strong believer in astrology. "Why," inquired a friend, "do you go to astrologers all the time?" "Because," explained Miss M., "they're cheaper than psychiatrists." . . . Author got square with a publisher who had rejected his novel as "uncommercial." Dismissed him as a "high income-poop." . . . A Jesuit priest appeared on a Washington telecast recently to urge that people read more good books. His fan mail was impressive, particularly one letter that read, "You're the best-looking thing I've seen on my screen this year. When that religious show is over, I sure hope they give you a half-hour of your own!" . . . Irv Kupcinet deadpans that Conrad Hilton is buying the Leaning Tower of Pisa. He's going to rename it "The Tiltin' Hilton." . . . In Bordeaux to study (and sample) the wines of La Belle France, Publisher Doug Black encountered a grape crusher who worked so faithfully at his job he scarcely could wait to get home evenings to grab an easy chair, put on his shoes, and relax.

IN LONDON, the accounting department of Publisher Jonathan Cape has found a means of assuaging in some measure the pain of an author whose royalties for a six-month period do not total 100 pounds. Accompanying the remittance is an engraved form which reads, "The enclosed small cheque will be regarded, we hope, more as a token of esteem than any attempt at adequate payment." . . . When I phoned Editor Ed Segrave and inquired, "Is this the office of the *London Bookseller?*" a precise voice answered "That is correct." (In New York, you get a "who else?") . . . In an anti-European demonstration in the Far East hundreds of people were killed and property worth millions destroyed. The headline of the story in the *Manchester Guardian* read "Manchester Man Injured Abroad." . . . A rich Londoner, very social and definitely U, was shooting in Scotland when his wife was inconsiderate enough to drop dead. He sent the body to his club on Pall Mall and dismissed the matter from his mind. A month later the commissionaire of the club stopped him at the entrance to report apologetically, "I hate to bother you, Sir Thomas, but that box of venison you sent down from Scotland is getting a bit high." . . . Sign on a barbershop near Coventry, England: "Ancestors of the proprietor of this shop were official hairdressers of Lady Godiva."

BEST KNOWN TO AMERICAN audiences for her starring role in "Japanese War Bride," the winsome Yoshiko Yamaguchi was imported to Broadway to play the heroine in a clinker called "Shangri-la" (fashioned from Hilton's memorable best-seller, "Lost Horizon"). "Yoshiko" means "simple, pure, gentle, and ladylike," which were precisely the qualities her part called for. So of course the producers made her change her name from Yoshiko to Shirley. . . . Big

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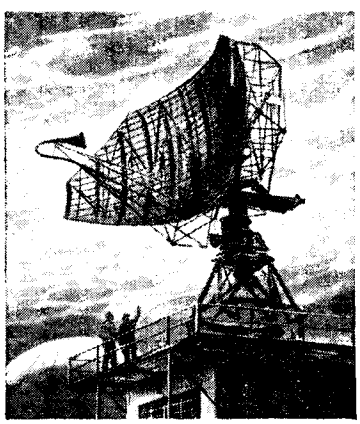
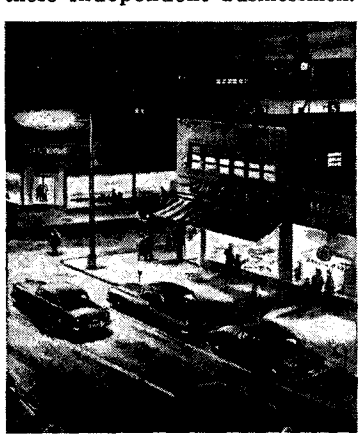
By helping keep the cost of electricity low through development of better equipment for producing and using it. The ever-increasing enjoyment of this "household bargain," electricity, creates business opportunities in every community.

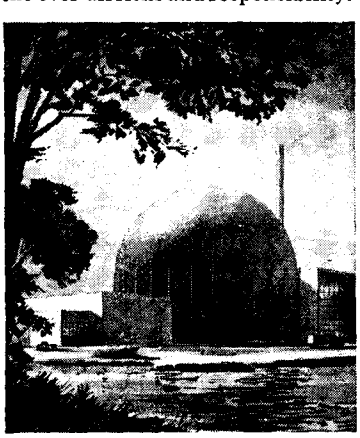
By working closely with dealers to help increase their business and payrolls. Marketing counsel, factory service training, advertising support and consumer credit arrangements are all available to these independent businessmen.



By breaking down the big jobs: Complex defense projects, for example, are beyond the scope of small businesses, but, through subcontracting, they get jobs they can handle when a large company takes the over-all risks and responsibility.



By buying locally, where possible, and thus stimulating commercial activity in the 112 communities where General Electric has plants. Each $1,000 of purchases and payrolls generates about $5,000 more in business within the community.



By pioneering in new fields that can open up new industries with future business opportunities for many companies large and small. General Electric's current pioneering investment in developing atomic electricity is a good example.

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400,000 local, independent dealers and other retailers: They have more business opportunities today than ever before in selling and servicing the many new and improved products from General Electric.

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at General Electric benefits other businesses

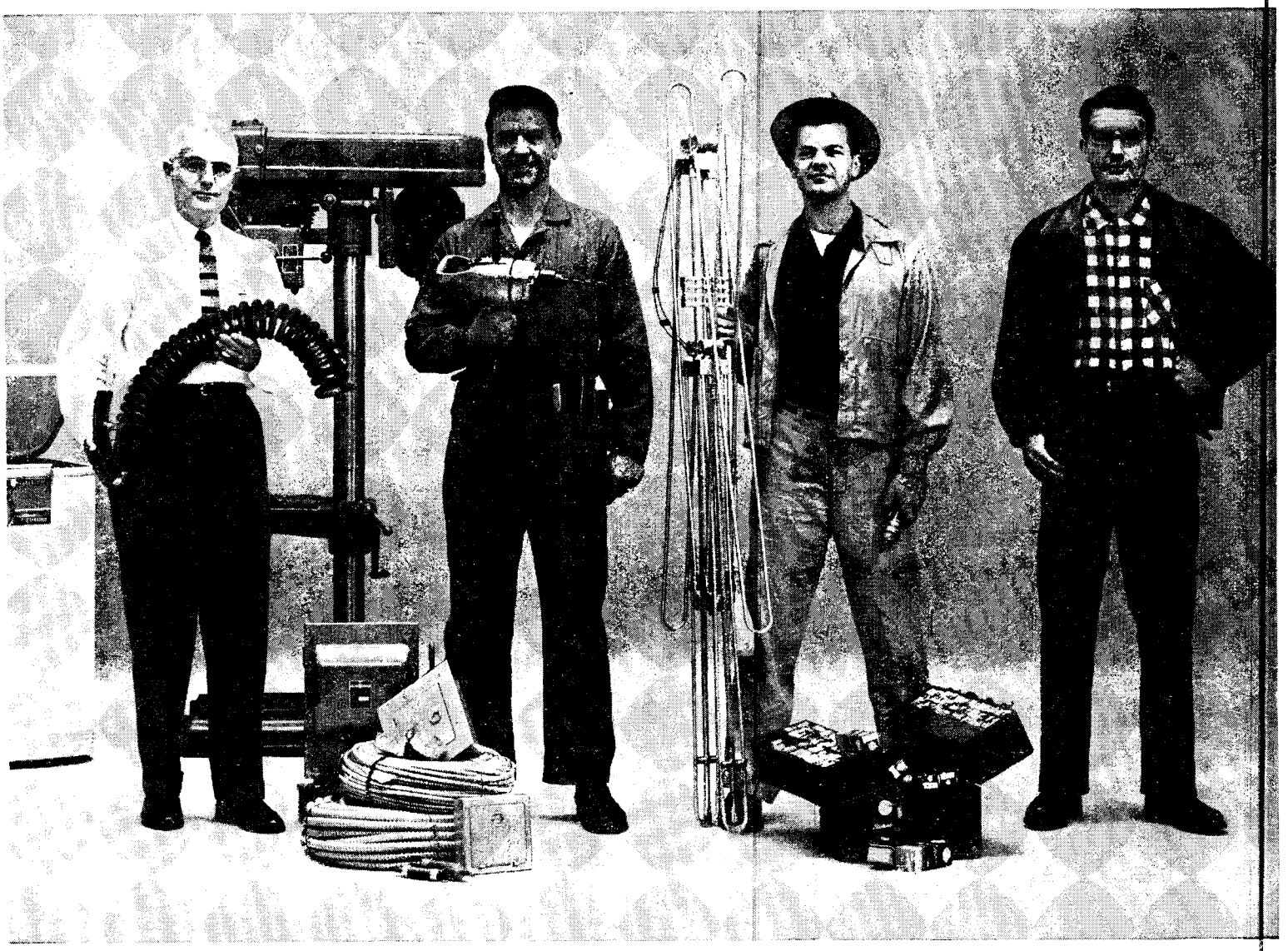
because electric power is at the very heart of the American economy and national security.

As a part of the industry, General Electric has shared in this growth and, we believe, contributed to it in many ways. And so have hundreds of thousands of other businesses, both large and small.

In the process of serving customers, providing jobs and trying to earn a return for its owners, General Electric now depends on the skills and enterprise of nearly a half million of these businesses — dealers, suppliers, contractors, service men and others. They, in turn, get from us day-to-day business and opportunities for growth that they might not otherwise have.

In their relationship with us, these businesses expect more than the chance to make a reasonable profit. They want to be recognized as independent, with the right to operate their own businesses according to their own ideas. We know they want from us, as we want from them, lasting friendly associations based on helpful service, courtesy, integrity.

On these pages are some of the ways we at General Electric are trying to live up to our responsibilities in relationships with other businesses.



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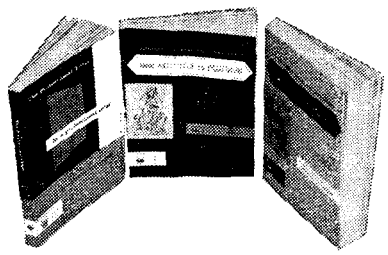

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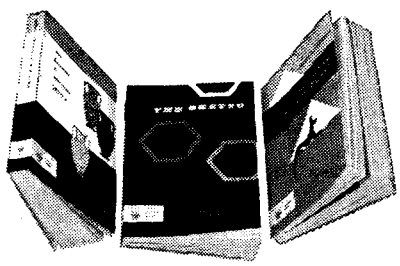

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moment for the summer theatre in Cohasset, Mass., came during a performance of "Song of Norway." The girl playing a countess announced triumphantly, "You are now about to hear music known only to the gods," whereupon a New Haven engine on a siding nearby gave out with three long, shrill toots. The next line—delivered straightfaced by the stalwart hero, completed the audience's delight. It was "The gods know only Italian music!"

WHO SAYS BIG-LEAGUE ballplayers aren't readers? On the last trip of the season that the Yankees made from Washington Hugh Bradley noted that the redoubtable Yogi Berra equipped himself with twelve (12) comic books! . . . President Franklin D. Roosevelt once caught Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, then past ninety, engaged in his usual occupation of reading. "Mr. Justice," he asked, "why do you work so hard at this reading business?" Holmes replied, "I know of no other way, Mr. President, to improve my mind." . . . When John Steinbeck agreed to cover the political conventions (a move that he regretted before the job was completed) he noted wryly, "A new political phrase is 'running scared.' This is presumed to be good because it means the candidate is running hard. Well, I'm writing scared. One thing I know about my craft or profession or trade or vice is that you never really learn it. A good writer always writes scared."

FLEUR MEYER TOLD ME about an English lady, coming home from Switzerland, who grew fidgety as her train neared the border. She had struck up an acquaintance with a very friendly fellow passenger earlier in the journey, and now confided to him, "I mean to smuggle in this wrist watch I'm wearing, and I don't mind telling you I'm nervous as a cat about it."

A customs inspector marched into the compartment in due course, and smiled, "I don't suppose either of you have failed to declare any dutiable objects?" Almost casually, the man pointed to the lady's watch and said, "I believe you'll find our friend here has overlooked that little bauble."

The watch was confiscated, while the lady dissolved into tears. When the train was in motion again she upbraided the informer, "How could you be such a swine?" The man pulled a valise out from under his seat and opened it, revealing a cache of at least 100 shiny new watches. "Don't take it so hard, lady," he advised. "Help yourself to any two of them!"

—Bennett Cerf.

Arctic Wilderness

BY ROBERT MARSHALL

Edited, with an Introduction
By George Marshall

". . . a long overdue tribute to 'Bob' Marshall who, before his death, . . . had become a leading advocate of wilderness preservation. It includes his own superlatively written accounts of exploratory journeys into northern Alaska made between 1929 and 1939, along with comments on a wide variety of matters going far beyond his professional interests as a forester."

—Trevor Lloyd
in *New York Times Book Review*

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—Ernest Gruening
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Literary Sampler

AL SMITH'S OLD SCHOOL TIE: The [New York state assembly] session of 1911 had a moment when partisanship on both sides of the house was running high. Ed Merritt, Fred Hammond, and Jesse S. Phillips, representing the Republican side, and I, representing the Democratic side, were engaged in a crossfire of debate on a bill that had to do with the removal of the Commission of Jurors in Niagara County. There was considerable hard feeling on both sides of the chamber when Assemblyman Wende from Buffalo arose in his place and asked the privilege of interrupting. It was readily granted.

Mr. Wende said, "Mr. Speaker, I have just heard that Cornell won the boat race."

Merritt said, "That doesn't mean anything to me. I'm a Yale man."

Hammond said, "It doesn't mean anything to me. I'm a Harvard man."

Phillips said, "It doesn't mean anything to me. I am a U. of M. man."

I was all alone, the only one of the quartet left standing, so I said, "It doesn't mean anything to me because I am an F.F.M. man."

Assemblyman Hooey shouted out, "What is that, Al?"

I said, "Fulton Fish Market. Let's proceed with the debate."

—Excerpt from "Up to Now," autobiography of Al Smith, reproduced in "New York City Folklore," edited by B. A. Botkin (Random House).

SOUTH AFRICA'S SLEEPING GIANT: There is a [formidable] political power [latent in South Africa], that of African Nationalism. If it should become the instrument of vengeance, whether allied to Communism or not, then we may . . . look forward with little hope. If it should become, as it professedly desires, the champion of a wider democracy, anything might happen.

The fact is that South Africa is full of virile peoples. They have each made their contributions to the present wealth and increasing importance of the country. One thing seems clear, that ultimately no political solution of the problem can endure unless it has the support of the politically unawakened and politically awakened African people. We would be foolish to expect that this support will be given to any solution which seems to them to detract from their dignity as human beings. If I know or understand anything of the African people, it is that they have a fierce hunger to be recognized by the people of the world as their fellows and equals.

—From "South Africa in Transition," by Alan Paton (Scribner).

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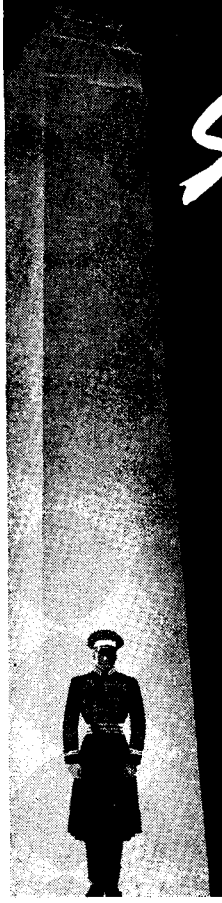

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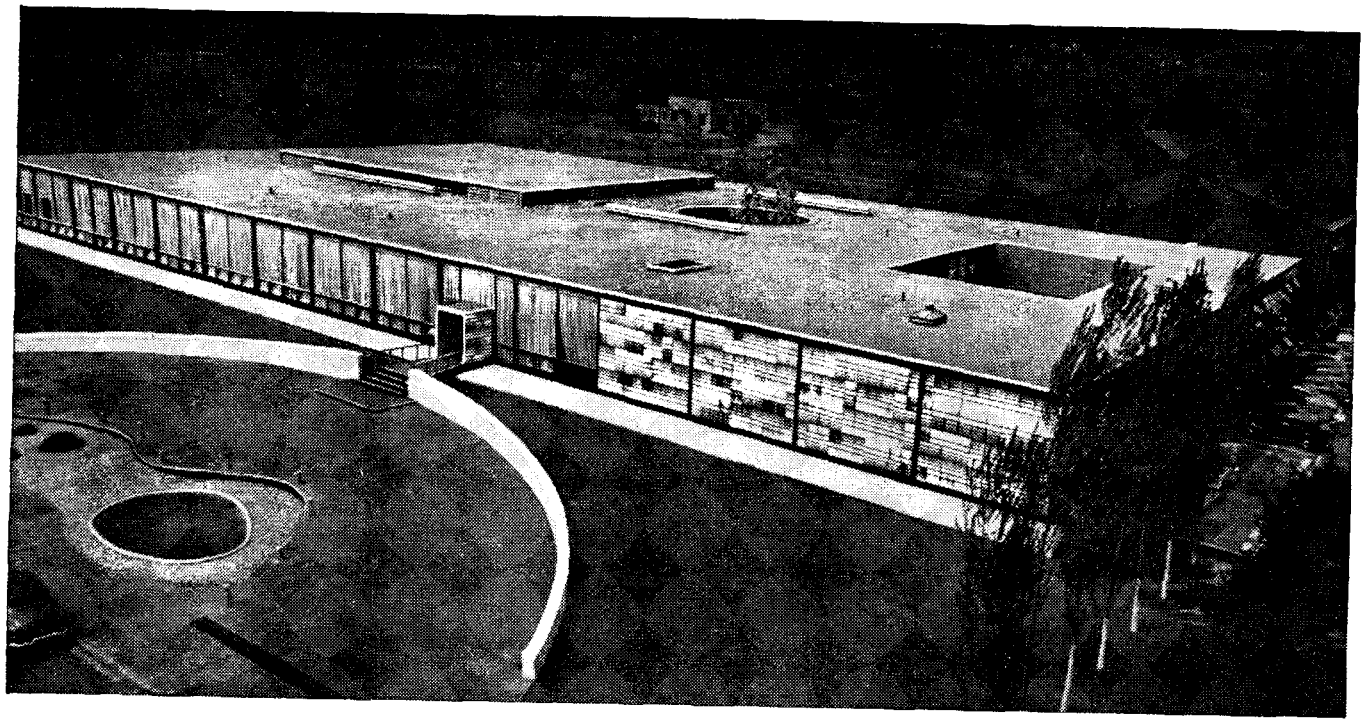

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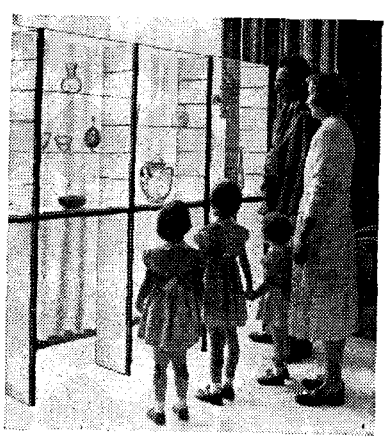

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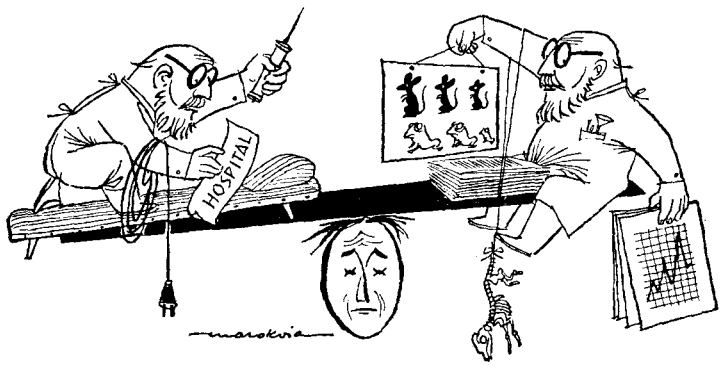
The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 20, 1956



When his mind needs help, Joe Doakes—that's he in the middle—is approached by two main species of assistance: the Psychiatrist on the left (with his electroshock equipment, couch, drugs, and hospitals); and the Psychologist on the right (with his animal experiments, interviews, statistics, and college studies).

WHAT DOCTOR FOR THE BRAIN?

A well-known medical journalist defines the mental specialties of psychiatry and psychology: doctors, counselors, theorists, and researchers.

By EDITH M. STERN

DOES ANYONE know the difference between psychology and psychiatry? I wonder. Not long ago the usually meticulous *New York Times* in an obituary of a distinguished psychologist referred to him as a psychiatrist. A nationally known and respected pediatrician told his vast TV audience about some "psychiatric research" that was actually psychological research.

What goes? If this wrong labelling were just everyday semantic confusion there would be little point in longwinded definitions. But the fact is that it is people in trouble who are often confused by the shadows around these words. They may go to the wrong place for help, or they may have wrong ideas about the scope of the help they'll get and how much it will cost when they get there.

The roots of the word "psychiatrist" are distinctive and definitive. "Psyche" is the Greek word for mind or soul; "iatros" the Greek word for physician. Psychiatry is a medical specialty which began in the last century when ordinary physicians in mental hospitals or insane asylums started to collect and compare the special techniques of dealing with mentally disturbed patients. Like other doctors psychiatrists are primarily concerned with finding and applying remedies for the specific condition of an individual patient.

At first glance the derivation of "psychologist" seems to fix his function with equal clarity. There is "psyche" again, and "logos," originally meaning "the word," later becoming associated with any science. Therefore, psychologists are scientists who study the mind. Psychology is a college department; psychologists work with animals and statistics as well as human beings (often in large numbers). They attempt to outline the general hows and whys of mental operations.

These fundamental differences in approach and education are reflected in the career-distribution of the members of the two APAs—one the American Psychological Association, the other the American Psychiatric Association. Of the 15,000 members of the former, for example, about 5,000 are engaged in research of one kind or another, usually combined with teaching in academic purlieus, and among these 1,500 devote themselves to basic experimentation, often on animals. Among the 9,000 members of the American Psychiatric Association, only perhaps a few dozen devote themselves exclusively to pure research, and none at all teaches without also treating at least some patients.

IT IS interesting to speculate what might have been the course of the two professions had not one Dr. Sigmund Freud come along with his theory of the unconscious and its influence on human motivation and behavior. If psychiatrists had gone on concentrating on only the mentally ill, and if psychologists had continued merely to experiment and to devise tests, none might ever have ventured from the confines of their respective mental hospitals and universities to meet on a small, slightly foggy, but crucial patch of common ground.

The first of the two to establish it-

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THE TWIN PROFESSIONS OF THE MIND

PSYCHIATRIST: A graduate of a medical school who has specialized in emotional illness and who serves three years of residency training at a mental hospital or mental hygiene clinic. He is primarily interested in treatment, and he may work with

1. **THE VERY SICK,** in which case he may employ shock therapy, drugs (like the "tranquilizers"), or administer a state or private mental hospital.
2. **OFFICE PRACTICE,** in which case he may use standard psychotherapy with patients who don't need a hospital; or **psychoanalysis,** to qualify for which he needs further postgraduate study at an "analytic school" as well as a personal analysis. (Psychoanalysis is a special form af psychotherapy where the patient free-associates—usually on a couch—four or five times a week; the emphasis is on interpretation of the unconscious and the relationship of patient to analyst—the "transference.")
3. **TEACHING** resident psychiatrists, medical students, or nurses, or engaging in research.
4. **SOCIAL PSYCHIATRY,** or the community aspects of mental health, child psychiatry, etc.

PSYCHOLOGIST: A student of mental function. He may be a clinical psychologist (where an overlap with psychiatry is most likely to occur), or an experimental, social, physiological, industrial, advertising, educational, child, or counseling psychologist. He holds a Ph.D., but does not hold a medical degree. Therefore, his primary interest is research—the study of some phase of personality development or function. He is employed by the state, a hospital, or a university for

1. **TESTING AND RESEARCH,** where he administers Rorschach or I.Q. tests, etc., evaluating the results and performing some diagnosis.
2. **PSYCHOTHERAPY,** either under the supervision of a psychiatrist or—where certified by state law—in private practice.
3. **PSYCHOANALYSIS**—in some states only—as a "lay analyst" who has added psychoanalytic training to his Ph.D.

---

self as a specialty was psychiatry; indeed, the American Psychiatric Association, founded in 1844 as the Association of Medical Superintendents of Institutions for the Insane, is the oldest national medical association in the United States. As time went on this association first opened its membership to include any physicians working in "insane asylums," later to non-institutional medical doctors primarily concerned with disorders of the mind. In 1894 it gave verbal recognition to this broadening—and incidentally also a preview of the semantic confusion to come—by changing its name to the American Medico-Psychological Association. Meanwhile, the first physicians to treat mental disorders outside hospital walls with the contemporary equivalent of psychiatric methods were neurologists, who had formed their own association early in the 1870s. Although during World War I the portmanteau term "neuropsychiatrist" was used, the "neuro" was dropped when in 1921 the American Psychiatric Association took its present name.

In order to be an associate member of this APA, an M.D. who has gone through the usual four years of medical school and one or two years of rotating internship—that is, experience on every service of a general hospital—must also have spent one year or its equivalent working in a mental hospital. To be a full member he must have had three years' experience; to be a fellow to have six and to have made a distinctive contribution to the field of psychiatry. As is the case with all branches of medicine, the right to a diploma as a specialist is controlled not by the state but within the profession. The American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology was established in 1934. A minimum of five years' experience in psychiatry, of which no less than three are spent working full-time at an approved training center, is necessary before a candidate can "take the boards."

Most laymen do not realize that only a minority of psychiatrists are psychoanalysts. Psychoanalysis is a specialty within a specialty. Among other things, to be successful it involves a long-drawn-out, painstaking, intensive revelation of the patient's unconscious motivations; "transfer" to the analyst of the emotions felt by the patient as a child toward the important persons in his early life, like parents and siblings, and then the resolution and cessation of the transference; the achievement not only of intellectual understanding of the experiences and concomitant emotions which have caused one to behave as one does but also, via the "transfer," release of the emotion which caused the feelings to be buried in the first place. Although attempts have been made to develop a kind of short-term psychoanalysis, psychoanalysis usually takes two to five years of almost daily sessions; Dr. Kenneth Appel, a past-president of the American Psychiatric Association, once made the statement that if a psychiatrist devoted his full time to orthodox Freudian analysis he could see no more than 150 patients during his whole professional lifetime! The American Psychoanalytic Association, founded 1911, has a few more than 600 members. To qualify as a member a psychiatrist must take three years' additional training at an approved psychoanalytic institute and be himself analyzed.

It is another misconception that psychoanalysis and Freudianism are always identical. To be sure, this would be agreed on by Freudian analysts themselves; recently, in a review of "Schools of Psychoanalytic Thought," by Ruth L. Munroe, Dr. Robert P. Knight, describing himself as "a Freudian psychoanalyst and psychiatrist who has been active in the American Psychoanalytic Association for two decades," makes the point that if it isn't Freudian it isn't psychoanalysis. But the leaders and followers of about fifteen schools of psychoanalysis which have deviated from Freud's original theories, while accepting the basic Freudian concepts—during the past two decades increasingly called "psychodynamics"—of the importance of unconscious motivations, put such different emphases on their own particular brand of psychoanalytic interpretation they go sometimes far afield from original Freudianism. Some of their theoretical arguments among one another seem, to the uninitiate, very much like the medieval discussions about how many angels could stand on the point of the pin, but others very clearly and definitely depart, for instance, from the Freudian emphasis on sex as the mainspring of attitudes and behavior. To oversimplify only a few, as examples: Jung stressed general rather than sexual psychic energy, and far from sharing the antireligiosity that has made so many anti-Freud stated that he had never encountered an emotional problem after middle life which was not essentially a religious one; Adler centered on the inferiority

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complex; Horney, unlike Freud, makes the present more important than the past and believes that attitudes, not necessarily fixed in early childhood, change as the person changes; Sullivan accented interpersonal relations and the need for security; others, following Eric Fromm, a psychoanalytic psychologist, believe that not only man's individual needs are the motivations for actions but also the socio-economic and cultural forces which conflict with them. Fortunately, Joe Doakes, the ordinary guy who needs help and doesn't have much money, is unlikely to have to decide which school of psychoanalysis will be most helpful to him or, indeed, to decide on psychoanalysis at all. The doctor-hours it consumes make the therapy impracticable in any but private offices or the most expensive private hospitals.

Although psychodynamic concepts underlie all psychotherapy, its techniques and usually objectives are different from those of psychoanalysis. The patient does not always lie on a couch with the psychiatrist behind him but sometimes sits in a chair, facing the doctor, as he would any other to whom he is discussing his symptoms. The psychiatric interviews during which the doctor helps the patient to bring into consciousness what he has been burying in his unconscious—often, unlike the silent analyst, with a suggestive word, a leading question, or a clue-giving comment—may be many or few. During the war, for instance, when the experience precipitating a crack-up was recent, with the help of a drug (sodium amytal) or hpynosis it could be so quickly relived that a man was freed to talk about it and straighten it out in one or two psychiatric interviews. Similarly, half a dozen psychotherapeutic sessions may be enough to get a patient over the hump if, for example, she has developed a fear of taking any vehicles (because unconsciously she wants to run away with her lover), or he is so depressed he is unable to work (because he has been suppressing his fear that his son, who has heart trouble, may die at any time). Psychotherapy may or may not probe deep into early childhood experiences. The psychiatrist may or may not advise the specialized procedure of psychoanalysis.

Needless to say, since doctors are bound to disagree, psychiatrists do not all have the same professional viewpoint. Some are scornful of colleagues who are merely "drug-dispensers" or "button-pushers" (that is, who go in heavily for electroshock therapy). Some tend to be organic-minded, some stress the emotional causes of behavior disorders. Most disapprove of lobotomy, an operation which cuts tissue in the frontal lobe of the brain, with drastic permanent changes in personality and behavior. There are different emphases in practice; among sub-specialties are child psychiatry, military psychiatry, forensic psychiatry, and industrial psychiatry. Withal, in the last analysis psychiatry is rather remarkably unified. All psychiatrists, whether they are analysts, non-analytical, or even anti-analytical; whether in private practice or employed; in administrative positions or working with patients; concerned with cure, amelioration, or prevention, are healers.

Psychologists do not have similar homogeneity of interest, purpose, or function in their postgraduate careers, although all have a common denominator in their basic scientific education. Indeed, in some ways the American Psychological Association seems less like the official organization of a single profession than a federation of several professions involved with human behavior. Whereas like most professional bodies the American Psychiatric Association publishes an official journal, the American Psychological Association publishes eleven journals—all highly specialized. So disparate may be the provinces and pursuits of psychologists variously categorized as experimental, educational, consulting, or clinical that a psychologist working in one field may be more familiar with the language and thinking of physiologists or sociologists or psychiatrists than with that of many of his fellow-psychologists working in another.

Psychology, it has been said, has a long past but a short history. Its antecedents were the many generations of philosophers who for centuries had theorized about mind, matter, and consciousness, but modern scientific psychology dates only from about the mid-nineteenth century, when the intensity of sensations was first measured. The first formal laboratory of what was originally called "physiological psychology," later "experimental psychology," was established in 1879. It was not long before investigation and measurement were not limited to sensation and perception. By way of experiments in the memorization of nonsense syllables the first crude measurements of learning were published in 1885.

The American Psychological Association was founded in 1892. An associate member must have had at least two years of graduate work in psychology or one year of graduate work plus one year of supervised experience. Usually the core curriculum includes measurement, testing, and statistics, personality and learning theory, and theory of counseling and psychotherapy, as well as courses in various fields of psychology. A fellow must have a Ph. D. degree, which usually requires at least four years of graduate training including one year of internship in some place like a laboratory, counseling center, mental-health clinic or mental hospital, and at least five years after that of experience in research, teaching, or practice. A diplomate of the American Board of Examiners in Profes-

(*Continued on page 66*)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

WILT THOU OR WON'T THOU?

Proposals of marriage are not unusual in literature, and Alf J. Mapp of Portsmouth, Va., doesn't think you should have too much trouble identifying the works in which the techniques given below were employed. Names of authors, too, please. Knots are tied on page 61.

1. A widow receives a proposal from her husband's murderer while she stands beside the corpse of her father-in-law.
2. A medical student asks a waitress-prostitute to marry him and is refused.
3. A female factory worker asks a plant supervisor to marry her, and he then invites her on a canoe trip from which she never returns.
4. A young Englishman courts a ravishing beauty, but proposes to her smallpox-ravaged mother.
5. A lady on an island, beset by many suitors, announces that she will marry the one who can shoot an arrow through the handles of twelve battleaxes.
6. A carrier proposes to a child's nurse by getting the youngster to write a note saying that he (the carrier) "is willin'."
7. A girl born in prison accepts the proposal of a sea captain who, she later learns, is her own half-brother.
8. A minister proposes to a gypsy and they are married in a camp under the stars.

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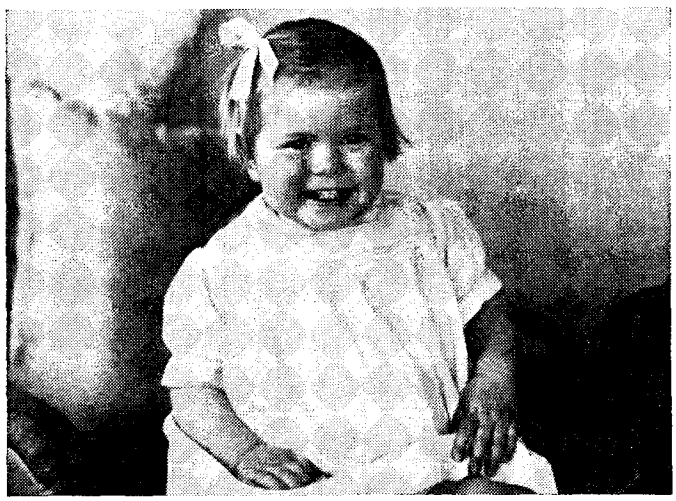
WHO MADE MISS KELLY?



Grace Kelly at eighteen months.

By DORE SCHARY

HOLLIS ALPERT has written a piece called "Sexual Behavior in the American Movie" (*SR* June 23). It's an entertaining item, with hardly a trace of the exaggerations that are so typical of many who write about films 3,000 miles away. In it Alpert makes a flattering reference to me. In stating the point that stars reflect the personality or prejudices of a studio head he suggests that as Rita Hayworth expresses something in Harry Cohn, so "Grace Kelly is a product of Dore Schary's regime at Metro." That's nice of Alpert, and I, for one, was willing to accept the compliment. However, on June 21, 1956, Mike Connolly, writing in the *Hollywood Reporter,* was not so willing. He expressed some indignation about Alpert's observation. I don't know whether it was Connolly's indignation or Alfred Hitchcock's, but in any event Mike (Connolly) said: "*Saturday Review* says: 'Grace Kelly is a product of Dore Schary's regime at M-G-M.' Nothing of the sort. She's a product of Alfred Hitchcock, who made her a star with 'Dial M for Murder,' 'Rear Window,' and 'To Catch a Thief,' none from M-G-M."

It is, of course, clear that Connolly or his prodder inferred something Alpert did not imply and then used the inference to put me in my proper place. Whenever a new star appears in the film heavens there are a scad of people who are either willing or justified in claiming credit for having fashioned, formed, and polished the star into its current brilliance. Since Miss Kelly is undoubtedly a great star, I should like to clear up this whole matter regarding Grace Kelly and who made her. (And I do hope I'm not going to get into any State Department mess because I keep referring to Her Serene Highness as Grace Kelly.)

Miss Kelly was first seen in a successful Hollywood film called "High Noon." Fred Zinnemann directed and Stanley Kramer produced. Both of these gentlemen could place a hand on the coveted chalice to be awarded as the star-maker except for the fact that after "High Noon" Miss Kelly was quite available for other roles and none appeared—not even from Mr. Hitchcock. She was pretty much in the same place she had been in after an unsuccessful test she had made for Twentieth Century-Fox for a film named "Taxi." M-G-M was searching for an actress for a secondary role opposite Clark Gable in "Mogambo." Ava Gardner was the female star. John Ford was the director and Sam Zimbalist the producer. Miss Kelly was tested for the role. Everybody liked her in the test, including her agent. The picture was a big hit and Miss Kelly became a star. M-G-M at that time had the following female stars under contract (it was a lush and gaudy period): Ava Gardner, Elizabeth Taylor, Lana Turner, Eleanor Parker, Debbie Reynolds, Vera Ellen, Ann Miller, Leslie Caron, Esther Williams, Jane Powell, Cyd Charisse, Deborah Kerr, June Allyson, and Greer Garson. A formidable list—and we were having trouble finding roles for all of them. Since Miss Kelly was new to most of our producers, we did not have any material for her, and as a result of her appearance in "Mogambo" there was a sudden demand for Miss Kelly on the outside and we loaned her to Hitchcock (Alfred, that is) for "Dial M for Murder," "Rear Window," and "To Catch a Thief" and to Perlberg-Seaton (Hi, George) for "Country Girl" and "The Bridges at Toko-Ri." Miss Kelly was great in "Rear Window" and won the Academy Award for her performance in "Country Girl."

Now, then. Did Hitchcock (Alfred, that is) make Grace Kelly or did George Seaton? And how about the fellow who wrote "Country Girl"—Odets (Clifford)? But how about John Ford, who directed "Mogambo" and started the rush to Ben Thau's office? And Clark Gable and Jimmy Stewart and Bill Holden and Ray Milland and Bing Crosby and Cary Grant? They helped make her. But how about Ben Thau, who was the first one to have the idea that she'd be great in "Mogambo"? And, by golly, it's true, no matter what anybody says, that I said let's put her under contract. And Nick Schenck and the board okayed the deal and Lew Wasserman negotiated the deal. And what about those TV appearances she made that brought her to the attention of Stanley Kramer? Who produced and directed those and who cast her in them?

So you can see that it's very difficult to answer accurately that simple question "Who Made Grace Kelly?" Certainly we would have to get back to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, and their parents and their parents' parents and inevitably then we come to the true and solemn answer. God made Grace Kelly—as He made Alfred Hitchcock and Mike Connolly and all the rest of us contentious and argumentative and unreasonable human beings.

Some years later, in "The Swan."

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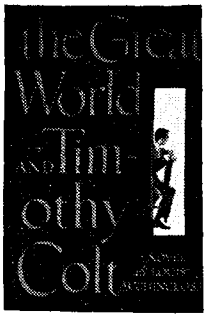

SR's *Book of the Week:*

"THE GREAT WORLD AND TIMOTHY COLT"

Author: Louis Auchincloss

By BRUCE BLIVEN, JR.

THE gracefulness of Louis Auchincloss's prose has distinguished everything he has published, his novels as well as his short stories. In "The Great World and Timothy Colt" (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75), his fourth novel, written with characteristic craftsmanship, Mr. Auchincloss deals with a most absorbing problem: Can an ambitious young lawyer afford to be honest?

Timothy Colt, the hero, is an earnest, conscientious member of a large Manhattan law firm—a law "factory" in the slang of lawyers who work for smaller firms or practice on their own—called Sheffield, Knox, Stevens & Dale. He is on his way up the firm's hierarchical ladder, driving himself mercilessly and forcing his wife, Ann, and his two sons, George and Walter, to accept the fact that seeing the head of the household on time to dinner, like regular vacations planned well in advance, are luxuries they must postpone. One of the things that make Timothy's devotion to his career bearable, both in his own mind and in his wife's, is a sense that the Law as a profession is honorable and important.

Ann learned something about her husband one night in a conversation with Austin, a member of the firm.

"I don't like his mood," she said, with one eye on Timothy. "I don't like it at all. He seems so deflated."

"Timmy's an artist, Ann," said Austin gravely. "As Mr. Knox has always said. It's only natural that he should feel deflated when he's finished a job. He puts so much of himself into it. Knox told me he doubted if there was another man in the firm who could work out that deal. I've worked with a lot of legal draftsmen myself, Ann. And I've never seen a better. That's all I can say. You can't describe it to anyone who hasn't seen all the problems. You have to see them to know why his finished product is such—well, such a poem."

Timothy's devotion, however, is in for a number of severe jolts before the plot has run its course. Timothy, as the rising star among his firm's younger men, becomes a kind of pawn in an interdepartmental rivalry between partners Knox and Dale. He is transferred from Corporations to Estates, from a sanctum where the ethical foundations of his job were beyond question into a mêlée where the line between honesty and dishonesty seems at times almost undrawable. One grudging compromise leads to another and before long the great world of expediency has all but engulfed the hero. His marriage is on the rocks, seemingly beyond saving. He finds himself involved in adultery, deceit, and the crime of acting unfaithfully as an estate trustee. At the last moment Mr. Auchincloss gives Timothy an expensive chance to recoup some of the character he has lost; the question, in part, has by now become whether the successful lawyer (by this time Timothy has been made a partner) retains enough of his original idealism to take the opportunity.

The story's background—the portrait of the great law office, the various kinds of lawyers in the firm, its clients and the legal problems they bring in—is extraordinarily well done. Mr. Auchincloss practices law in New York City when he isn't writing—or, perhaps, it should be put the other way around. Obviously he knows the profession he is writing about. If Timothy's business problems were not so engrossingly explained, one might be less aware of some weakness in the novel's two most important female characters. Timothy's wife, Ann, and her rival, Eileen, are poles apart; unhappily they share the fate of lacking complete literary development. But the love story is considerably less important than Timothy's professional dilemmas. The reader can overlook the inadequacies in Timothy's women in excitement over the drama of what goes on in Timothy's life during office hours.

THE AUTHOR: At thirty-nine Louis Auchincloss is an immaculately turned out and highly personable young man who holds down two jobs at once—and both of them with great aplomb. By day he labors over estate trusts and tax laws in the solidly established Wall Street law firm of Hawkins, Delafield & Wood. But by night and on weekends he labors over a typewriter at home as a writer—an occupation at which he has been prolific enough to produce four novels and two collections of short stories. Five years ago Mr. Auchincloss made one drastic attempt to simplify this demanding schedule by resigning his job (he was then with the equally solidly established firm of Sullivan & Cromwell) in order to devote full time to his writing. But he did not stay away from the office long. "Law is the way I make my living," he says, with obvious practicality. It is also the environment from which he has drawn his most recent novel: "The Great World and Timothy Colt." In fact, Mr. Auchincloss has drawn from his own environment for the settings of all of his novels and stories. In "The Romantic Egoists," for example, his narrator, one Peter Westmancott, is a well-born young New Yorker (so is Auchincloss) who has been educated at one of the best Eastern schools (Auchincloss went to Groton), has gone to Yale (Auchincloss left Yale to go to the University of Virginia Law School), and has hobnobbed with what is commonly known as New York "high society" (so does Auchincloss, who has characterized some of his compatriots as those "who have beautiful manners, plenty of money, and a perfectly ghastly time all around"). Naturally, the authenticity of these settings has fascinated his readers, and sometimes, to Mr. Auchincloss's concern, his characters have been eclipsed by his settings. "Shouldn't the reader look beyond the background?" he asks. "If he doesn't the novel becomes nothing but a travelogue. In one of my novels, 'Sybil,' I drew a New York social background very elaborately and hence it was assumed that Sybil was a victim of it. Actually she was the victim of an inner, wilful romanticism that would bring her to grief anywhere." Now, with the publication of "The Great World and Timothy Colt," Mr. Auchincloss is naturally worried lest the real character of Timothy should not emerge from the novel's background. "Timothy," he says, "is a man who must destroy himself. He is not a man who finds it hard to be honest in a New York law firm because of his milieu. That is not the point." All of which should, of course, be reassuring to the firm of Hawkins, Delafield & Wood, where lawyer-novelist Auchincloss is employed.

—GEORGE BAKER.

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Call to Conscience

"The Voice at the Back Door," by Elizabeth Spencer *(McGraw-Hill. 334 pp. $3.95), is the story of Duncan Harper, who as sheriff of a Mississippi county undertakes to accord justice to white and Negro alike.*

By Robert Tallant

THE VOICE at the back door Elizabeth Spencer refers to in the title of her new novel is of course the Southern Negro calling to his Southern white folks. He does not knock, at least not in Lacey, Miss., the town Miss Spencer uses as a setting for her new, and third, novel. It is a poignant voice; it is sad and pleading; yet at the same time there is power in its demands for its rights. And Miss Spencer makes clear its questions are right and true.

There have been many novels on this same subject, but this one is written with special perception and understanding. There is left no doubt in the reader's mind that the author, herself a Mississippian, knows well the problems involved in the whole situation. In these frightening days of the return of burning crosses, of the attacks of rural hoodlums upon children because they are of another color, of general vandalism by those scared for the survival of the status quo, this book should have a powerful meaning.

And Miss Spencer does not draw strong lines of demarcation. Her Negroes are not all angels, nor her white characters devils. She knows her South, her country, and she draws it with justice. One of her leading characters—white in color—meets his death because he allows a Negro to ride on the front seat of his automobile with himself and his wife.

Duncan Harper had accepted the job of successor to Sheriff Travis Brevard, who had died suddenly and unexpectedly, and found himself engulfed in the complex life of a small Southern town and in the lives of the complex people who inhabited it. But with an unwavering sense of justice he brings into the open the tensions that haunt his town. Then he brings about his own doom.

But even then Miss Spencer leaves us with hope, for there are others in the town who believe as he did, although there is still Perrin Stevens: "I don't care what the nigger-loving reporters write to the nigger-loving newspapers. . . . You can't give them responsibility because they don't know what it is. . . . If you don't segregate them there's always trouble." Average point of view, Lacey, Miss.

Elizabeth Spencer—". . . knows her South."

Elizabeth Spencer, born in Carrollton, Miss., has spent most of her life in that state. She writes with clarity and honesty, often with beauty. Her people live, and her ear for dialogue is fine. She has a magnificent sense of narrative and the gift of sympathy.

She also has humor. As serious as is this book in theme there are moments of mirth and gaiety. There is vitality too; the book has a strong and vibrant liveliness. And do not think it is entirely concerned with the current Negro and white problem. This is an entire town alive, with people alive, and all their real problems, not to be solved easily by a word or a law. Here are all their morals and mores, sometimes peculiar to outsiders, sometimes ridiculous, sometimes brutal.

Miss Spencer was awarded a citation from the National Institute of Arts and Letters for her two other novels, and in 1953 a Guggenheim Fellowship. Let us hope this one is widely read, especially in the South.

Alejo Carpentier—"message of importance."

Journey Into Time

"The Lost Steps," by Alejo Carpentier *(translated by Harriet de Onís. Knopf. 278 pp. $3.75), tells of the discoveries a twentieth-century man makes when suddenly deprived of creature comforts in a South American jungle.*

By Ben Ray Redman

WHEN the talk runs on literary prizes we cannot always say, as did Sterne in another connection, "They order this matter better in France." But the Parisian judges who awarded the *Prix du Meilleur Livre Étranger* to the French translation of "The Lost Steps" well knew what they were doing; and they must have known, too, that they were enjoying a rare opportunity—a chance to crown a novel of remarkable beauty, intellectual worth, absorbing interest, and genuine originality. Such chances do not come the way of prize committees every year.

We have been told that early readers of the English version of this novel have been reminded of the work of W. H. Hudson, Joyce, Kafka, Malraux, and Thomas Mann. If Alejo Carpentier's writing brings to my mind that of any other author, it is the writing of Jean Giraudoux: the Giraudoux of "Suzanne and the Pacific." But the resemblance is to be found only fleetingly, in occasional passages and certain subtle twists of thought; and the comparison is just barely worth making, for Carpentier's intellectual and emotional and sensational world as we find it revealed in "The Lost Steps" is uniquely his own. Every page of this revelation carries the signature of a vigorous, individualistic, integrated artist.

What we have here is a story of a journey that is at once physical and spiritual, a journey in time as well as space. The narrator is a musician and musicologist, a composer who, by commercializing his art in the market place of film and radio, has betrayed himself and brought his very being to the verge of self-destruction. He has become an empty man, living out an empty marriage with his actress wife, carrying on an empty affair with a mistress to whom he is linked by only the grossest of physical bonds. Accepting a commission to penetrate the South American jungle in search of primitive musical instruments, he sets off from the great, nameless city of his spiritual and artistic defeat—a city that may well be New York—in the company of his mistress, hoping to accomplish his mission within the

(*Continued on page* 64)

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Willa Cather—"alert, forthright, and eloquent."

Formidable Farm Girl

***"Willa Cather in Europe," edited by George N. Kates** (Knopf. 178 pp. $3), reproduces fourteen travel articles the celebrated novelist wrote on her first trip to Europe in 1902. Maxwell Geismar, our reviewer, is the author of "Writers in Crisis."*

By Maxwell Geismar

WHEN Willa Cather was teaching school in Pittsburgh in 1902 she took a trip to England and France with her friend Isabelle McClung and wrote fourteen travel articles for the Lincoln *Nebraska State Journal*. George N. Kates has collected, edited, and lavishly annotated these articles to make up the present volume. It is a pleasant book, of minor interest in the Cather canon but often illuminating and entertaining as the record of a Nebraska farm girl meeting an older society.

She was already—the formidable young Miss Cather—alert, forthright, and eloquent; these travel sketches have an air of calm authority. Mr. Kates's prose, on the other hand, straining after absolutes of adulation, dripping with devotion, is somewhat perfervid. The "incidental notes" which surround each article carry much useful information but also attribute a portentous and sometimes ominous importance to every incident on this trip. "These were major confrontations," we are told of Miss Cather's visit to the A. E. Housman country, "and they sank in for life." But in point of fact, when the young American schoolteacher met the Shropshire poet himself, nothing much happened.

What one really notices in these early sketches is the range of Cather's literary background, and the limits of a kind of childlike innocence about life. In England she was appalled by the depths of social degradation she saw in Liverpool and the East End of London. She thought the failures of the world, the seedy of all nations, had come to live on these malodorous streets, while the working-classes were "absolutely gin-soaked." This was another "confrontation," very familiar in our literature—though Mr. Kates somehow misses it—of the American country writers under the first impact of the city slums. But while Howells, Jack London, Dreiser were all concerned with this, the later Willa Cather turned her gaze from it rather petulantly.

Yet in these early years she was still absorbed by the crooked bodies, ugly clothes, and oddly soft voices of the English working-class women, who already heralded the decline of empire and the advent of the welfare state. She was fascinated by the canal-people of Chester, drunken, pagan gypsies who defied every standard of English respectability. "Letterless, lawless, godless," as she says, perhaps they appealed to a latent strain of sensuous revolt in this child of the prairies, and her account of their existence is a fine chapter here.

She is forthright too in her praise of Burne-Jones and Rossetti, her early idols in painting, for being unstained "by that muck of sentimentality which has choked all truth and courage and vividness out of English art." The sermons in stones which the Victorians found everywhere were not very edifying to this proud provincial girl. And rather like Edith Wharton before her, she really goes to town on Beerbohm Tree's expurgated revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," just then starring Ellen Terry and Mrs. Kendal. "If the English have a national poet who cannot be read in public, then they are the only nation so unfortunate."

After these glimpses of England's high morality and low life no wonder she took to France with great sympathy and delight. There are fine descriptions of such towns as Rouen, where Flaubert and Maupassant had worked and talked together, or of the cemetery of the immortals at Montmartre or Père-Lachaise. (Here, unfortunately, Mr. Kates gives us a discourse on the meaning of death in Cather's books that runs from "Alexander's Bridge" in 1912 to "Old Mrs. Harris" in 1932.) But the young journalist of these essays was really not so much interested in death, I think, as in literary fame, and in the French culture that commemorated such achievement. "In France it seems that a town will forgive the man who curses it if only he is great enough."

She was under the sway of "that barbarian" Balzac too, though later her literary taste would become more

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constricted. To Mr. Kates, however, such developments seem unimportant; and he discusses "One of Ours," which is Cather's worst novel, in the same tone of respectful worship as that used for "My Antonia" or "A Lost Lady."

One may also wonder why the outspoken and courageous young woman of these travel articles, who appears so serene and warm and joyous on occasion, would be forced in mid-career to an isolated point of suffering and wordly renunciation. The rock of the Acomas in the New Mexican story signified Cather's withdrawal from "the human family," and a loss to her craft that was evident in her religious phase. Among all the "influences" on Willa Cather's later work which are sought—and found—everywhere in this record of her first European trip nothing is said about the real issues of her life and art.

A Nebraskan's First Look at the Old World

On visiting Shropshire: Anyone who has ever read Housman's verse at all must certainly wish to live a while among the hillside fields, the brookland, and villages, which moved a modern singer to lyric expression of a simplicity, spontaneity, and grace the like of which we have scarcely had in the last hundred years. . . . The broad meadows across the stream from the town are those on which Housman says that boys played football in the days of his boyhood, and as we sat beside the Severn looking across to the fields, who should come racing out over the green but a company of lads with their pigskin ball?

Arriving at Dieppe: We crossed from Newhaven to Dieppe on a night when the Channel ran smoothly as glass and the stars stood clear in the midnight sky. . . . About three o'clock, however, I heard a rush of feet aft, and, tumbling into my ulster and mufflers, hurried out to see what had occasioned the excitement. Above the roar of the wind and thrash of the water I heard a babble of voices, in which I could only distinguish the word "France" uttered over and over again with a fire and fervour that was in itself a panegyric. Far to the south there shone a little star of light out of the blackness, that burned from orange to yellow and then back to orange again; the first light of the coast of France.

Visiting Rouen: Late in the day we arrived at Rouen; the well-fed, self-satisfied *bourgeois* town built upon the hills beside the Seine, the town where Gustave Flaubert was born and worked, and which he so sharply satirized and bitterly cursed in his letters to his friends in Paris. In France it seems that a town will forgive the man who curses it if only he is great enough.

Viewing the Barbizon countryside: The long, even stretch of yellow stubble, broken here and there by a pile of Lombard poplars, recalled not a little the country about Campbell and Bladen, and is certainly more familiar than anything I have seen on this side the Atlantic. To complete the resemblance, there stood a reaper of a well-known American make, very like the one on which I have acted as supercargo many a time. There was a comfortable little place where a child might sit happily enough between its father's feet, and perhaps if I had waited long enough I might have seen a little French girl sitting in that happy, sheltered place, the delights of which I have known so well.

Days in Avignon: This, then, is how the days go by in the fine city of the popes. In the morning there is the soup bowl full of chocolate, the hard rolls, and pats of fresh butter wrapped in green fig leaves. When we go into the dining-room to get it, Jules arises and puts on a black coat over his suit of white duck, and serves us with ceremony. Then it is time to walk to some of the old feudal ruins perched about on the hills. Through the heat of the day we read in the ilex arbours of the garden above the river. In the late afternoon we watch the changing glories of the Alps until we go off to dine in our Gothic chapter house, and night comes down with rest and healing over dusty, parched Provence.

Visit to Hyères: What more of life could one wring out of twenty-four hours, if you please? At noon the wet olives of Arles; at nightfall a chorus of gay sailors, made up to the life, and the rattle of stage thunder, much blue lightning, and a great tossing of blue water; at dawn a sunrise over feathery date palms, with the sea at one's feet and a porcelain sky above. What more could one ask for, even in the country of Monte Cristo?

On visiting Le Lavandou: Out of every wandering in which people and places come and go in long successions, there is always one place remembered above the rest. . . . I am sure that for me that one place will always be Lavandou. Nothing else in England or France has given anything like the sense of immeasurable possession and immeasurable content. I am sure I do not know why a wretched little fishing village, with nothing but green pines and blue sea and a sky of porcelain, should mean more than a dozen places that I have wanted to see all my life. No books have ever been written about Lavandou, no music or pictures ever came from here, but I know well enough that I shall yearn for it long after I have forgotten London and Paris.

—"Willa Cather in Europe," edited by George N. Kates (Knopf).

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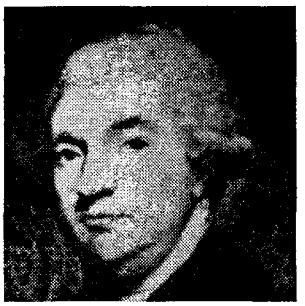
Erratic Egoist

"Boswell in Search of a Wife," edited by Frank Brady and Frederick A. Pottle *(McGraw-Hill. 418 pp. $6), continues the great biographer's own life story with an account of the years 1766-1769, when he has returned from his European wanderings and finally marries and settles down. Our reviewer is Professor Edward A. Bloom of Brown University's English department.*

By Edward A. Bloom



Margaret and James Boswell—". . . continuance of the family line."

IN THE six years since the publication of the "London Journal," James Boswell has become one of the most fascinating and familiar literary figures of the eighteenth century. Long legendary as author of the great "Life of Johnson," he has returned again from the past to reaffirm his immortality. Now he is his own biographer, devoting to himself the astonishing powers of analysis that for almost two centuries have made his study of Samuel Johnson a classic of its kind. This reincarnation—a self-perpetuation of which he was eagerly hopeful in his lifetime—has been made possible by the voluminous journals and letters discovered in recent years and brought together in Yale University. Under the editorial direction of Frederick A. Pottle a group of scholars has been reconstructing meticulously a personality that is sparkling and scandalous, mercurial and moody, pious (though not so pious as he wished to be) and provocative.

"Boswell in Search of a Wife," covering the years 1766-1769, is the latest volume of the confessions of this perennially young man. After the *wanderjahre* in London and abroad, he has come back to the Auchinleck estate in Scotland to face the responsibilities of manhood. He is admitted to the practice of law and he begins to seek—determinedly but fearfully—a spouse worthy of the Boswell name. But maturity always lies just ahead of him, not quite within his grasp. As he confides to his journal: "I am a weaker man than can well be imagined. My brilliant qualities are like embroidery upon gauze." Thus, while he earnestly woos marriageable maidens, he becomes embroiled with mistresses and streetwalkers, contracting venereal disorders for which he reviles himself.

Virtually incapable of sexual moderation, Boswell rationalized his appetite as a proud sign of manliness. But toward the women he would have married he demonstrated respect and extravagant devotion—until the affairs ended; then he was glad to be rid of them, detecting faults that made them ineligible. Of all the women only his cousin, Margaret Montgomerie, becomes a fully realized character. This is because much of the correspondence between them has been preserved. And it was she who achieved the eminence of marriage with James Boswell. Characteristically, he discovered his love for Peggy when they were traveling together to Dublin, he to court the sixteen-year-old Mary Ann Boyd, his *la belle Irlandaise*. Restrained, modest, and thoughtful, Peggy was a good choice for Boswell, advising him against melancholy and discontent. "You may know," he once wrote, "my grand object is the ancient family of Auchinleck, a venerable and noble principle." And continuance of the family line was indeed his abiding principle.

IN THIS volume Boswell seeks not only a wife but himself. Self-recognition is one of his great traits. Out of this skilfully compiled group of writings emerges an individual of paradoxical extremes. When he succeeded as a lover his pride was unbounded; when he failed he debased himself as "a perfect Don Quixote." Or while cavorting with the low society of Edinburgh he gave grave advice to William Temple on the proper conduct of a clergyman. He respected his father, an important jurist before whom he pleaded some of his cases, and detested him for contemplating a second marriage. The division between father and son became almost unbridgeable in these years, and their mutual misunderstanding was painful.

Almost dangerously melancholy at times, James Boswell reassured himself that melancholy is "often the attendant of distinguished minds." One of the most ardent champions of Corsica's struggle for independence against the Genoese and French, he exploited his enthusiasm by prancing at a masked ball in Stratford, during the Shakespeare Jubilee of 1769, in the costume of a Corsican chief; and he sent articles about himself to the newspapers. But he also wrote the excellent "Account of Corsica," which won sympathy for the Corsicans while it enhanced his own reputation. In one of the celebrated causes of the day he gave wholehearted support to Archibald Douglas for the restoration of his family rights. He would read his Bible Sunday morning and go wenching Sunday night. With the approach of extra-legal fatherhood, he bragged, "What a fellow am I!" But he also admired his own "amazing command of human nature!" and the admiration which he excited in others. Fearful and curious about death, he was an inveterate attendant at executions.

This is truly James Boswell's story. But the great are here also—General Paoli, the Corsican leader; Voltaire and William Pitt, whose aid he sought to enlist on behalf of the Corsicans; David Hume, whose "infidel writings" he deplored; Benjamin Franklin, David Garrick, and of course Johnson. With the latter he discussed immortality (and angered him) and life, eliciting salty comments that have not found their way into the "Life." If Boswell was an erratic egotist and posturer, he was also an erudite thinker, a passionate liberal, a charming companion who earned as well as bestowed admiration. Boswell reveals himself again as an acute observer of British society, precise, curious, and artistically gifted. The allusions to events and people of the day—illuminated by the admirable scholarship of the editors—makes "Boswell in Search of a Wife" exciting as history as well as autobiography and literature.

In one of his few modest statements Boswell defied "any man to write down anything like a perfect account of what he has been conscious during one day of his life." But he himself came very close.

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Barbs from Baltimore

"A Carnival of Buncombe," by H. L. Mencken, edited by Malcolm Moos *(Johns Hopkins Press. 370 pp. $4.50), is a collection of pieces on political subjects written for* The Baltimore Evening Sun *during the Twenties and Thirties. Eric F. Goldman, author of "A Crucial Decade," is our reviewer.*

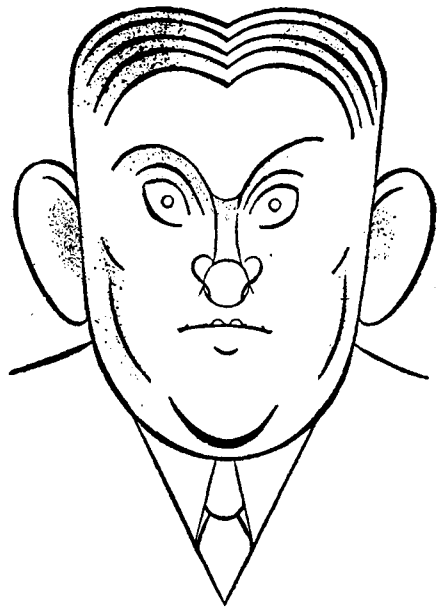
By Eric F. Goldman

IF ANYONE still doubts that H. L. Mencken was a satirist of the first rank, let him read Malcolm Moos's selection in "A Carnival of Buncombe." The volume consists of sixty-nine political pieces drawn from Mencken's famous Monday columns in *The Baltimore Evening Sun* during the Twenties and Thirties. There is scarcely a one which in its own way is not a gem.

Of course, it is hardly news now to say that Mencken had his serious weaknesses. For a man with his grasp of practical politics he could be amazingly bad at predicting. He wrote confidently that Al Smith would not lose a single Southern state in 1928; he was equally sure that Franklin Roosevelt did not have a chance in 1932. At times his prejudices made his interpretations absurd. On the subject of the New Deal, for example, he often sounded like a petulant schoolboy. Some of his emphases can be woefully superficial and tiresome. He hammered at Prohibition with all the simple-minded monotony of the Bible Belt bishops he detested. But what is left—and there is a great deal left—is just about as refreshing political writing as this country has ever known. It has the peculiar timelessness of all genuinely great clowning.

In brief but discerning introductions to the book and to its five sections Mr. Moos, an ex-*Sun* man and now professor of political science at Johns Hopkins, points to the heart of Mencken's approach. Whatever his agnosticisms about so many things, Mencken had one heartfelt belief. He stood for freedom—not only freedom in the usual political sense but an abhorrence of cant, pretension, or any kind of effort to march human beings in blocs. Applying this standard to the figures who shouted, wheezed, and gasconaded through American politics Mencken found them wanting, ridiculously wanting, and he went after them with a style that represented a high point in the craftsmanship of invective.

"A Carnival of Buncombe" is rich



—*Bettmann.*

H. L. Mencken caricatured by Eva Hermann.

enough to provide favorites for any taste. Those of an anti-New Deal persuasion can delight in the final sections where Mencken takes on Franklin Roosevelt. Whatever the extremities of his anti-New Dealism, Mencken was uproarious in his assaults on F.D.R.'s conception of the United States as "a milch cow with 125,000,000 teats" and he was non-partisan enough to write that Landon was "one of the worst public speakers recorded in the archives of faunal zoology. Over and over again, facing an eagerly friendly audience, he scotched its nascent whoops and reduced it to scratching itself." Pro- or anti-New Dealers can delight in the sections on the politics of the Twenties. The scene was made for Mencken and he squeezes out of it the last belly laugh.

There was "Gamaliel . . . the benign blank . . . [whose style] reminds me of a string of wet sponges." There was "Dr. Coolidge [who has] no principle in his ornamentarium that is worth any sacrifice, even of sleep. Human existence, as he sees it, is something to be got through with the least possible labor and fretting. His ideal day is one on which nothing whatever happens—a day sliding into a lazy afternoon upon the *Mayflower*, full of innocent snores." And there was Herbert Hoover, who "has all the limber knavishness of the low-down American politician without any of the compensatory picturesqueness. He is like a lady of joy who lacks the saving grace of being beautiful."

"A Carnival of Buncombe," skilfully edited and containing so much of Mencken at his most rambunctious, will no doubt spur on the Mencken revival which is already well under way. There are those who deplore this resurgence and it is not hard to sympathize with them. After all, Mencken was a reactionary in many of his ideas about social, economic, and foreign affairs, behind the times in the Twenties and Thirties and certainly offering no specific program that fits the Fifties. But the deeper essence of Menckenism—that non-ideological ridicule of cant—may have its high uses today. We have, most of us, been creating our own cant, piling crustations on the weary doctrines of early twentieth-century liberalism and conservatism. Perhaps before we are going to get any really fresh thinking we need the catharsis of mocking laughter. Perhaps before we are going to get this generation's John Dewey or Charles Beard, or this generation's William Graham Sumner, we need another H. L. Mencken.

THE RADICAL NOVEL: During the 1930s—a decade made remote to us by intervening wars—the proletarian novel enjoyed a kind of respectability. Although it may have seemed a new political tool, its ancestry goes back to at least the beginning of the century. A remarkably intelligent and readable survey of the whole gamut has been written by Walter B. Rideout in **"The Radical Novel in the United States 1900-1954"** (Harvard University Press, $6). As defined by him the radical novel is one "which demonstrates, either explicitly or implicitly, that its author objects to the human suffering imposed by some socio-economic system and *advocates that the system be fundamentally changed.*" This definite category excludes a few important novelists who were only affected by the radical movement (Steinbeck, Hemingway), but it includes many, and enables him to set his focus more sharply.

Professor Rideout's subtitle: "Some Interrelations of Literature and Society" indicates his thorough and logical approach. For the economic and political background is necessary to an understanding of the radical novel. Besides, he analyzes the attitudes of radical journalism which were so influential on the novels. And, finally, he is not averse to making his own critical judgments, assessing the novels not as doctrine or propaganda but as imaginative, creative literature. To keep his text uncluttered he adds in an appendix a checklist of the 169 radical novels published since 1900. Although his publishers have done well by him in this book, it is difficult to understand why they have been so neglectful as not to mention his recent co-editorship of Sherwood Anderson's letters. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

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CIVIL WAR

—Jacket design for "Gray Ghosts and Rebel Raiders."

The Valorous Partisans

"Gray Ghosts and Rebel Raiders," by Virgil Carrington Jones *(Holt. 431 pp. $4.50), gives the story of the Confederate partisan commands that harried the Union forces in the East. Our reviewer, Robert S. Henry, is the author of "The Story of the Confederacy" and other books.*

By Robert S. Henry

THERE is a voluminous literature on the exploits of the several Confederate partisan ranger commands which operated within and behind the lines of occupying Union armies in Northern Virginia, Maryland, and West Virginia, but Virgil Carrington Jones's "Gray Ghosts and Rebel Raiders" is the first volume which brings together in a single narrative the stories of these separate commands and relates their operations as a whole meaningfully to operations of the major Union and Confederate armies in the Eastern theatre of war.

Mr. Jones has previously contributed to this literature an excellent biography of John S. Mosby, by far the best known of the Confederate guerrillas. In his new book he broadens his coverage to include figures who are less familiar but still significant. These include Elijah White, who first rode with Turner Ashby and at Appomattox commanded the remnant of the famed Laurel Brigade; Harry Gilmor, who on a raid north of Baltimore captured a train carrying a Union major-general; John Hanson McNeill, who was killed but whose son Jesse, succeeding to the command, captured and brought off two Union major-generals at Cumberland, Md.; and, of course, Mosby himself, whose exploit in capturing a Union brigadier-general at Fairfax Court House is familiar.

The volume not only spins an absorbing yarn of daring adventure, it also goes a long way toward justifying the value of Confederate independent warfare as carried on in the Eastern theatre. Such warfare, in the persuasively presented opinion of the author, was a major factor in staving off the defeat of the Army of Northern Virginia for the greater part of a year.

General Grant, it will be remembered, was going to fight it out on this line if it took all summer, but summer ended with fighting still going on, as it was to go on through the winter and into the spring of 1865. It is Mr. Jones's thesis that the campaign might well have ended before the end of the summer of 1864 had it not been for the large scale and continuing diversions of strength made necessary by the harassing hit-and-run tactics of the small organizations of Confederate irregular cavalry, obstructing supply lines both by road and by rail and spreading a sense of insecurity throughout the rear regions of occupation. The degree of this insecurity may be sensed from the fact that not even Union general officers could be entirely safe in their beds.

THESE partisan rangers in the Eastern theatre of war—unlike many of those in the West—were not persons making war without authority but were "organized troops . . . subject to the Articles of War and Army Regulations . . . in like manner with regular troops." Acting upon an opinion by the distinguished Professor Francis Lieber, it was decided by the Union authorities in November 1862 that rangers "whose officers are commissioned by the Confederate Government and who are regularly in the service of the Confederate states are to be exchanged when captured," thus accepting such bodies as legitimate in warfare. As the war wore on, however, resentments built up on both sides, resulting in reprisals and counter-reprisals, official and unofficial, and finally culminating in Sheridan's thorough devastation of the Shenandoah Valley.

It did not require this tragic consequence of guerrilla warfare, however, to cause the military leaders of the Confederacy to look with a distinct lack of favor upon irregular operations. The attractions of the guerrilla life, with its supposed freedom from rigid controls, were felt to impede recruiting for the regiments of the line. Consequently in 1864 the law authorizing organization of partisan ranger commands was repealed but, Mr. Jones observes, "though abolished on paper, the Partisans continued to operate as they had in the past."

The story of these operations as told by Mr. Jones flows on from episode to episode but through the story runs a unifying thread. For the partisans themselves the "war became one of extinction" as they resisted the invading forces by such means as were within their power. So doing they helped to prolong the war but did not change its inevitable outcome.

The volume is well illustrated with photographs of principal figures and scenes and is supported by attractive pictorial end-paper maps, the work of Garnett Jex.

Virgil Jones—". . . broadens his coverage."

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Tar Heels at War

***"Rebel Boast," by Manly Wade Wellman** (Holt. 317 pp. $3.95), is the story of five North Carolina farm boys and the parts they played in the Civil War. Burke Davis, author of "Gray Fox," a recent biography of Robert E. Lee, is our reviewer.*

By Burke Davis

MANLY WADE WELLMAN has made of the simple stories of five rural North Carolina boys in the Civil War—a sort of four-year passage of the fiery furnace—into an arrestingly original book called "Rebel Boast."

One of the boys, the company commander, was a county attorney; another, a backwoods store clerk, was a poet of parts; some of them were kin, in ways still typical in a land of casual and interminable family relationships. Between them the five "Enfield Blues" of the First North Carolina turned out a storm of letters, diaries, poems, and colorful notes for their future biographer. Of these is made a whole fabric of the war times, its daily trifles and shortages, death, dullness, battles, and back-home romance.

Mr. Wellman conjures up real atmosphere about the Tar Heel troops gathering and going to war, and their rather astonishing victory in the First Battle at Bethel, near Yorktown. The crowded details from witnesses are used with such skill as to rival the novelists, and to augur a stunning, roaring picture of the whole war.

This does not emerge in the end, though there is drama in following the company through mustering out, re-enlistment in the 43rd N.C., and travail at Gettysburg, in the Wilderness, and the Shenandoah fighting of 1864. But once in the cauldron his witnesses, like most, have so little to say about the great spectacles that their testimony often has a casual pointless air. Not all of Wellman's professional knitting of narrative from the war's chronology can overcome this lack.

The boys of the company emerge, but of them all perhaps only the poet, Billy Beavans, is winning. He dies of typhoid in a Winchester, Va., hospital after losing a leg by amputation—befriended by a pretty girl who will have him buried only in her family cemetery lot.

Only two of the original five returned to their Enfield, N. C., homes, for their lieutenant died of gangrene just after Appomattox and another went to an unmarked grave. Somehow, despite Wellman's unique conception and astute use of the materials, the stories of the young men do not bond with the sweeping narrative of the war itself, and hardly a one of its great figures steps out to join the little Tar Heel Iliad.

For many readers, however, it will be an enjoyable introduction to the Civil War, and it abounds with touches that the wide-screen historians lack. There is the Negro body servant, Wash, in excitement as war opened, pleading with his white folks: "If any of you fall, I want the gun. I feel as if I could kill a few Yankees before I go home." And there is poor Billy Beavans at the end, summoning courage for a girl in his last moments: "I am going fast now. I'm not afraid to die."

The book's title is undoubtedly derived from the provincial North Carolina boast which has endured since Civil War times: "First at Bethel, Farthest at Gettysburg, Last at Appomattox." Wellman has done a good deal to rescue the state's role in the war from oblivion.

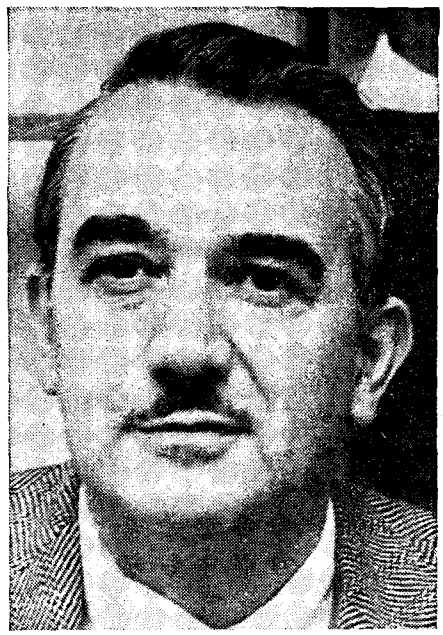
UNQUIET QUAKER: Two decades ago Cornelia Hancock was recognized as a sharp-eyed observer of what went on around her in Civil War hospitals. At that time her letters covering 1863-1865 were published. These have now been republished, together with letters she wrote to her family and friends when she worked with freed slaves in South Carolina from 1866 to 1868, in **"South After Gettysburg: Letters of Cornelia Hancock 1863-1868"** (Crowell, $4). The book is edited by Henrietta Stratton Jaquette, a kinswoman.

Miss Hancock's letters from South Carolina, where she was teaching freedmen, are warm and perceptive. She realized that the Negro was destitute and helpless, and that his former owners hoped to win in peace what they had lost in the war. She saw Reconciliation as a catchy name for Resubjugation.

At heart a social worker—as she later turned out to be—Miss Hancock insisted on a high measure of self-help. The story of the Negroes she taught and the handicaps she overcame are told with the eye of a first-rate reporter. Her prose is quick, vivid, and immediate—and all the more remarkable because it is unassuming. Miss Hancock was no quiet Quaker, and her letters will interest even the casual Civil War student.

—ALDEN WHITMAN.

HANDY WEAPON: Among the firearms carried by the Union forces in the Civil War was the Spencer repeater,



Manly Wellman—". . . real atmosphere."

an ingenious and deadly product of Christopher Spencer's inventive skill. Spencer, who is perhaps better known for his automatic screw machine, one of the forebears of today's automation, began his career as a gunsmith with Colt's Firearms Company in Hartford, Conn. The story of his seven-shot repeater has not been well known, and J. O. Buckeridge in **"Lincoln's Choice"** (Stackpole, $5) attempts to fill the gap.

In addition to the fact that Mr. Buckeridge's book is poorly organized, he takes a frankly partisan view of the rifle's importance in deciding the war's outcome. There is no doubt that the Spencer, with its clip of rimfire cartridges and its magazine in the stock, was a much handier weapon—as a carbine or as a rifle—than most of the thirty-some makes used in the Union Army. Many of these were muzzle-loaders and awkward to boot. But Mr. Buckeridge faults his case by overstating it, by attempting to claim that Spencer rifles turned the tide at Gettysburg; that they were responsible for Sheridan's defeat of Early and Mosby in the Shenandoah; that they whipped Lee into surrender at Appomattox. The author appears to have let his enthusiasm run off with historical judgment. Actually, about 100,000 Spencers were issued to troops, mainly the cavalry, by the end of the war, and they certainly were of value, but not to the degree claimed for them here.

The title of the book, by the way, is slightly misleading. It is based on the fact that Lincoln in August 1863 personally tried the weapon out, made a good score with it, and liked it.

—A. W.

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What Makes a Boy Bad?

"The Circle of Guilt," by Fredric Wertham, M. D. *(Rinehart. 211 pp. $3), is a psychiatrist's analysis of the conditions that produce juvenile delinquency, with particular emphasis on the Santana case in New York City. Our reviewer, Albert Deutsch, is the author of "The Trouble With Cops."*

By Albert Deutsch

A NINE-DAY sensation was served up by the New York press a couple of years ago when seventeen-year-old Frank Santana shot to death fifteen-year-old Billy Blankenship as the climax of a sidewalk encounter. The papers reported the episode as an unprovoked attack by a hoodlum on a "model boy" whom he mistook as a member of a rival gang. Later inquiry revealed that the Blankenship boy *was* a member of a gang—the Golden Guineas—that specialized in beating up boys who, like Frank Santana, happened to be Puerto Ricans.

Fredric Wertham, articulate psychiatrist and well-known commentator on youthful violence, came into the Santana case (without fee) at the behest of the defense lawyers. He examined the boy and his background, and became convinced that while Frank wasn't insane in the legal sense, he was seriously disturbed and entitled to leniency because of the extenuating circumstances in his life history. But Wertham didn't get a chance to present his findings in court; Santana pleaded guilty to second-degree murder and received a term of twenty-five years to life.

Deprived of an opportunity to testify in a courtroom, Dr. Wertham has expanded his findings to book length in "The Circle of Guilt" for the consideration of a "larger jury." The result is no mere psychiatric case history of a young killer; the book ranges far and wide over the field of juvenile delinquency, taking up such factors as slum conditions, discrimination against Puerto Ricans and other minority groups, public schools, inadequate social and psychiatric services for disturbed kids, community apathy and, above all, the comic books—against which Wertham has been conducting a passionate crusade for several years.

Yet the book is not so much comprehensive as it is discursive. Here and there the author makes some telling points about the socio-economic as well as the psychodynamic factors in juvenile delinquency. But he tends to ramble aimlessly, sometimes in a free-associating manner, off the track of his main subject. Often he leaves Frank Santana dangling in the middle of an examination or interpretation to go off on a long-winded tangent. As a result the reader gets no clear, coherent portrait of the youth nor a consistent idea of what made him pull the fateful trigger. The book lacks the fine writing and keen perception of Dr. Wertham's study of a sixteen-year-old matricide, "Dark Legend."

Time and again Wertham reverts to his favorite topic—the menace of the crime comic books, which he sees as a major if not the dominant cause of present-day juvenile violence. It was the all-consuming theme of his previous work, "Seduction of the Innocents."

Wertham repeatedly implies, but never proves, that the reading of "creeps"—horror comic books—was a vital factor in Frank Santana's act of violence. Many students of delinquency, including this reviewer, have long expressed concern over our crime-drenched media of mass communication—the movies, press, TV, radio, popular literature, and comic books. Some of us have criticized Wertham's tendency to exaggerate the comic-book evil out of all proportion, to the point of presenting it as the one great cause of delinquency. Here's how Wertham answers his critics in "Circle of Guilt."

> In recent writings, speeches, and reports there is endless repetition of the cliché that "delinquency has multiple causes." Over and over the facile statement is made that "no single factor" should be accused. What that really means is that these writers are afraid to attribute delinquency to *any* factor—and to anything at all; the children are just delinquent.

This is, of course, arrant nonsense. To say that delinquency may result from multiple factors by no means implies frustration or inaction; it means that the problem must be tackled on many fronts, as indeed it is by adherents of the multiple-cause approach. Wertham's defense of the single-cause approach is belied elsewhere in his own book, when he discusses at length economic, social, and psychological factors in Frank Santana's deed.

When he gets off his comic-book kick Dr. Wertham makes some trenchant remarks on racial segregation and other social problems. Yet even these points are vitiated by the author's perplexing bent for truculence and bellicosity. Which is a pity, since Dr. Wertham is undoubtedly a man with a sensitive social conscience, deeply concerned about the well-being of children.

Dr. Fredric Wertham with the staff of the LaFargue Clinic.

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Life in Suburbia

"Crestwood Heights," by John R. Seeley, R. Alexander Sims, and Elizabeth W. Loosely *(Basic Books. 505 pp. $6.50), is a sociologists' study of a middle-class suburb of a city with a population of more than a million. W. Lloyd Warner of the University of Chicago, who reviews it here, is an author of "Social Class in America."*

By W. Lloyd Warner

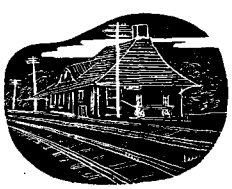
CRESTWOOD HEIGHTS, a middle-class suburb of some 17,000 people, which is part of a great Canadian city of over a million population, is "located on a choice brow of land overlooking a wide sweep of the metropolitan area." Here on the heights of this prestigeful and exclusive region dwell the well-cared-for wives and children. From the money earned by the men down in the city, they live securely within the privacy of the houses and gardens. Each night the men leave their city offices as important professionals and big executives and then, on arrival home, through the transformation of commuting, change into husbands and fathers. There they eat, sleep, and help procreate more children for the wives to rear and for them to support until such future time when the young men, grown to maturity, go down to the city and young women marry them and rear their own children. Getting and spending, begetting and begot, in brief, Crestwood, Canada, but in full Crestwood, U.S.A., and the Western world, a middle-class suburb filled with people on the move and on the make.

A team of social scientists has reported on several years' study of the suburb they have called "Crestwood Heights," in a volume that is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of community life and to a better understanding of some of the beliefs, values, and behavior of middle-class people. The subject matter, lucidity, and style of many of the chapters, particularly one on clubs, often reminds the reader of the novels of Sinclair Lewis and John O'Hara.

"This book," we are told by the authors, "attempts to pin down in time and space this thing of dreams for the many [the superior suburb], and actual experience for the few." To do so the writers studied "the network of human relations" to learn its purposes for the participants. Finding that "its purposes" were concerned with child-rearing, the authors asked themselves the basic questions the social and psychological disciplines pose about this human problem and "attempted to look at some of the facts of child growth as it takes place in—a prosperous—suburban environment."

From their efforts we learn much about such things as the meaning of time to the people of this culture, about the values, beliefs, and activities of the several age levels and the social pressures brought to bear upon them. They provide subtle insight and understanding of the separate cultures of the men and the women.

Despite the high worth of the book, it is not entirely successful. The reasons for this are not because the research is not ably conceived and conducted by well-trained, competent scientists. The deficiencies of the book are attributable to the hesitancy of the writers to deal directly and fully with a central problem of the community, the organized opposition of Jews and Gentiles and, I suspect, at its worst, anti-Semitism and anti-Gentilism. Two-fifths of the present population of Crestwood Heights is "Jewish in religion." Furthermore, we learn from a footnote in the back of the book that the present Jewish population of the suburb increased from 11 per cent in 1941 to 40 per cent in 1951. In the metropolis it is less than 7 per cent. In other scattered footnotes we learn that Jews "were neither excluded brusquely nor accepted warmly." David Riesman in his able introduction declares, "When I visited Crestwood Heights—I felt I was in the presence of three provincialisms: towards London, towards Hollywood-New York, and towards Tel Aviv." The indirectly presented evidence indicates that the authors understood its importance. Why wasn't it possible for them to give this problem the analysis needed? The over-sensitive concerns of liberals and intellectuals have placed strong taboos on objective, detached study of this crucial problem. The authors have presented the evidence in such a way (by many footnotes, direct quotes, and scattered references throughout the book) that the perceptive reader is indirectly told much of what he needs to know. The trouble is that it is not put together, sifted, analyzed, and scientifically interpreted. For such "social ailments" this is the only kind of "therapy" that can have lasting effects in a democracy.



One Man's Freedoms

"Freedom in Contemporary Society," by Samuel Eliot Morison *(Little, Brown. 156 pp. $3.50), brings together in book form a series of lectures on political, economic, and academic freedom. Here it is reviewed by T. V. Smith, Maxwell Professor Emeritus of Syracuse University.*

By T. V. Smith

THE Chancellor Dunning Trust Lectureship, at Queen's University in Ontario, is one of the most dignified, as well as one of the most lucrative, academic endowments in North America. In accepting its honor one is encouraged to single out some aspect of the broad and precious domain of human freedom.

For his lectures early this year, now published in book form as "Freedom in Contemporary Society," Professor Samuel Eliot Morison devoted himself to the broad history of political, economic, and academic freedom. He mentioned but avoided the subject of religious liberty, giving as his reason the questionable judgment that it is more secure than other forms of freedom. The "true believer" is ever with us; and wherever he is, there no devotee is really secure. Morison's reason for including academic freedom is that it is the newest and the most insecure. Of the two remaining forms Morison regards the political as "the most important and inclusive."

While he thinks there "is no necessary connection between democracy and political freedom," he holds that representative government is "absolutely essential." The distinction is important, though perhaps here exaggerated in bold strokes the author sketches the main line of English and American political development and leaves this type of liberty on broad and impressive foundations. He thinks it is more threatened in the United States by what he calls the "Administrative Branch" than by any of the traditional divisions of government, or by Communism.

Spirited as is this sketch of political liberty, his treatment of economic freedom is more provocative. "The science of economics," he reminds us, started as a branch of moral philosophy and "can never be divorced from ethical and social considerations." With this running start he finds his foils in Hayek, Jewkes, and Schumpeter, "those weird sisters" of disaster he calls them. Turning his back upon their temptations he takes

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his stand with Keynes and with his own Harvard colleague, Sumner H. Slichter.

He reminds us of the extent to which laissez-faire has gone by the boards, where indeed it ever did exist; but he does not see a comparable decline, but rather rise, of economic freedom. Security up to some far point is not a destroyer of liberty. Indeed he discerns in what Adolph Berle, Jr., calls "galloping capitalism" an advance of freedom on the whole. "To me," says he, "there is no question but that the measures known as the New Deal . . . saved the capitalistic system in the United States, and democratic government as well."

Academic freedom Morison defines as the student's right to learn, the teacher's right to teach, and both their right to live a full-bodied life of citizenship. "We believe," avows he, "that academic freedom is second only to political freedom as a protection for society; and it is probably even more valuable than political freedom for the development of the ideas and the technology which ensure economic freedom." The worst enemies of this freedom are the mediocrity of college teachers in general, their lack of administrative autonomy, and the increasing role among them of what he likes to call "professional pedagogues." Morison is hard indeed upon many of his colleagues, and especially (by name) upon Columbia Teachers College: "fruitful mother of neo-Deweyism and other educational quackeries" . . . "pitiful pedagogues . . . placing an octopus-like clutch on the independent professors and scholars." Our author grows so extravagant of speech that one is almost tempted to fear that he does not like 'em.

THE MENACE OF POWER: It is difficult to conceive of any very pervasive or penetrating analysis of contemporary society without recourse to the concept of power. What is necessary, however, can also be overdone. Robert Strauss-Hupé maintains in **"Power and Community"** (Praeger, $3) that the accent on power which increasingly characterizes political thought is unwarranted and dangerous and is itself a symptom of moral decay. He deplores the application to politics of terms taken from the physical sciences, the decreasing emphasis on the ethical sanctions of political conduct, and the growth, especially since Nietzsche and Pareto, of power philosophies. Not only these two earlier thinkers, but such current writers as Bertrand Russell, Harold Lasswell, and Hans Morgenthau suffer his strictures as he explores the relations between power on the one side and personality, history, science, community, and security on the other.

What promises to be a serious essay in political sociology, however, deteriorates in the later chapters into a sermon. Analysis ceases and exhortation begins as the author begs us to renounce materialism and "scientism" and to restore our faith in such universals as justice, charity, freedom, and truth. His earnest manifesto will fail to satisfy those who share his ideals but do not see eye to eye with his premises. —ROBERT BIERSTEDT.

FAITH OF A SOCIAL SCIENTIST: Born of poverty-stricken Danish immigrants and deprived of formal education until the age of twenty-one, Eduard C. Lindeman gained international recognition as a champion of liberal causes during the twenty-six years he served as a member of the faculty of the New York School of Social Work. The story of his life is told in an introductory essay to **"The Democratic Man"** (Beacon, $5), by Robert Gessner, who edits here a collection of his writings. Max C. Otto supplies in addition an appreciative foreword.

After his death in 1953 his editor discovered in his office an accumulation of papers—speeches, classroom lectures, notes, and articles—from which he has drawn the contents of this book. He has arranged them in seven divisions: the democratic way of life, groups are people, classrooms without walls, social work in action, social action at work, creation and recreation, and democracy as morality. Several themes recur, especially perhaps Lindeman's dedication to democracy as a process in human relations, his faith in the efficacy of a scientific approach to social problems, and his abiding trust in the importance of public discussion. The selections, almost all of them in the form of brief lay sermons, show him in the role of social worker and social reformer and they are well worth reading as the testament of an American liberal.

—R. B.

DAY OF THE BULLS: Every year, in the second week of July, the Spanish province of Navarre erupts with fiestas, safety valves for the spirits pent up during the monotony of a rural year. Nowhere does the celebration become more frenzied than in the village of St. Firmin. To St. Firmin the Austrian photographer Inge Morath took his camera to record the fiesta day by day—the crowds, the processions, the carnival, the letting loose of the bulls, the arena. The admirable pictures he took back home are exhibited in "Fiesta in Pamplona" (Universe Books, $10), a beautifully printed album of 83 photographs, 13 of them in color. The fiesta reaches its peak on the day of the bulls. The populace (upper left) and the professionals undertake to cope with them with vastly different results.

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Everyman as Reporter

SOMETHING new is being added to the understanding by Americans of what is happening in the rest of the world. For the first time in our history countless thousands of American citizens have had a chance to be eyewitnesses in distant places. They have returned with first-hand impressions of other peoples and their problems. And they have shared their viewpoints with their friends and neighbors at home. The net effect on our relationship to the world—and also upon our foreign policy—may be prodigious.

Just in the past few weeks we have visited the homes of several of our neighbors who had recently returned from visits to places like the Soviet Union, Egypt, Turkey, Israel, India, Pakistan, Afghanistan, and Indonesia. These people are not journalists or commentators. One is a teacher, another a real-estate man, another a department-store owner, still another a lawyer. They had done something that hardly a decade ago seemed within reach only of the privileged few, whether with respect to time or money. Our neighbors had gone abroad for a vacation—not the plush vacation on a Riviera or a Monte Carlo. They had gone to the trouble zones or to places in the news with the open intention of finding out for themselves.

In every instance our neighbors had come back with something to say and to show—either films or slides or snapshots. The significant thing about it all was the added dimension in their reports over the professional travelogue or lecture. Not that their films or slides were up to professional standards or that their analytical accounts of foreign situations were startlingly original. The added value of their accounts had something to do with people in other lands. The big story that impressed them was about people coping with their problems, bringing up their families, trying to make sense out of a world they never made.

I asked our neighbors who had just come back from the Soviet Union whether what they saw gave them a better or worse impression than they had before they went. In each case the answer was the same; neither better nor worse, just different.

"Somehow your feeling about a place changes as soon as you meet people and spend some time with them," one of our friends said. And he proceeded to show some color slides of people he had met in some of the smaller Soviet cities or on farms. He said he was appalled by the misconceptions many of these people had about life in the United States—about the lynchings that were supposed to take place every week from a telephone pole in Times Square, about the breadlines that were supposed to stretch across the American Continent, about the dictatorship that was supposed to be grinding the American people under its heel. These misconceptions provided him with the occasions to talk about the United States on a person-to-person basis. He prides himself that he may have been able, in a small way at least, to get across something of the picture as it actually exists. "When discussion is open and direct, the sincerity or lack of it comes through—or enough of it to cause a man to reconsider," he said.

Meanwhile, our friend had reason to correct some misimpressions he himself had had about the Soviet at a distance. He had not been prepared for the modern aspect of the Russian cities—the large department stores or the new apartment buildings. The people were bigger and healthier than he had supposed. He had heard something about the emphasis of the Soviets on education, but he had not realized that education had apparently become the number-one business of the Russian people.

Another friend who had just returned from the Soviet Union was concerned about the fact that a large-scale attempt is under way in Russia to teach the languages of Asia and Africa. It seemed clear to him that the Soviet was trying to fulfil its self-professed role as champion of the Asian and African peoples who are now struggling to achieve or consolidate their national freedom. And the Soviet leaders were capitalizing on the failure of Americans, whether in official or non-official capacity, to know the tongues of the peoples they were trying to persuade.

But the single greatest impression had to do with the fact that the human being in Soviet Russia was not remote or enigmatic; he would talk and he would listen; he was intensely human and likable. While the American visitors came back with the feeling that we had underestimated the strength and the potential of the Soviet or the effectiveness of its appeal elsewhere, they felt that there was much that could be done in terms of direct communication, and they urged their friends to make similar trips.

OTHER accounts were similarly impressive. The visitors to Egypt, for example, gave an intimate picture of the problem from the point of view of the Near Eastern peoples. The strength or weakness of Colonel Nasser was assessed in terms of his relationship to the Egyptian people. The Americans who visited the Indo-Pak subcontinent returned with a greater respect for the problems of nations whose independence has been only recently achieved. Those who journeyed to Israel were able to obtain an idea of the human diversity that constituted that nation's greatest asset.

Ever since the beginning of U.S. history, it has been axiomatic, as Louis Halle pointed out in his *SR* article last week, that Americans have been willing to leave foreign policy to the Government because the people did not consider themselves experts on matters that occurred at a distance. The historic change that is now taking place in America—as important and profound as any change in recent years—is that Everyman is developing the first-hand knowledge that will put foreign affairs on the same footing with domestic affairs. This means that foreign policy may soon become everybody's business. This prospect is healthy and exciting. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

INDIANS GO BRAGH

SR SEPT. 22 seemed to be a little child cavorting in a field of poppies and dreams, or at least the sudden burst of fancy and sport with Kluckhohn and Cousins was a pang of conscience after Muller and (Japanese Maidens) Cousins. A prominent anthropologist is induced by the editors to indulge in fairytale, and then the editorial, apparently the writer under the same influence, contemplates breathlessly the present as though he were watching a suspense thriller. Exciting, but so is Alfred Hitchcock; but then we do need a little drama in our lives when serious intellectuals are off worrying, or talked into worrying, about what if the Indians hadn't lost.

G. A. ZASLOVE.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

"This is a *fine* time for you to come waltzing in!"

SEARCH FOR "OUGHT"

ONCE UPON A TIME an English professor assured me that all individuals are born with a sense of right and wrong, that is, *the* right and *the* wrong. I know of no evidence for this wish and much evidence opposed to it, but it seems to be a thought Joseph Wood Krutch would welcome.

Krutch's editorial, "The Search for a Rule of Life," (*SR* Aug. 11), is clever and specious and, while it attacks the definition of morality "in the mores," it offers nothing better.

Worse, the point of Krutch's essay confuses the observation of data with the ethical approval of what is observed. Sociologists and anthropologists have witnessed that "the mores can make anything right." This does not mean, as Krutch would have it, that they therefore are without morals themselves or that they are so naive as to advocate a society structured on "moral relativism." The sociologist Durkheim, in fact, equated society with moral community, and more modern "behavioral scientists" and philosophers are seeking through science for universal moral imperatives—for what Krutch calls "a valid 'ought'."

Whether they will find such, and whether Krutch and I will approve when they do, is another matter. (What if the "valid morality" were at odds with Krutch's ethic?)

Last, Krutch holds that "moral relativism" leads either to Machiavellianism or conformity. And will the "valid morality," when discovered, exempt us from conformity?

GWYNNE NETTLER.

Carmel, Calif.

HUMAN SOCIETY

THE NOTABLE text on psychology Mr. Krutch speaks of, by "some USC professors," "Psychology and Life," could conceivably have left less said on morality, for it is a subject like love—consult any number of different dictionaries—and the fact that the good professor stated, as he quoted, that morality is a way of behavior that society approves of—no specific or definite society was mentioned. He was referring to human society, the same as one includes women when one speaks of Man.

What sort of revival is this? A man makes a positive statement, and bam! Unjustified criticism! Half an idiot would realize that morality is definitely not a way of acting that is contrary to society. But it takes half an idiot to distort so simple and general a thing as this morality issue—less than a page from a text of 600 pages—and then gloat on it in half a dozen different tracks.

If you must give an editorial policy on morality, have someone who knows something about it write the article—and read it a week after, before you publish it.

ED. R. ROEHRICH.

San Diego, Calif.

THINK OF A MAN

I, AN ORDINARY CITIZEN, do not find it easy to express my thoughts, but shall try. I'm a veterinary pathologist by profession. My schoolteacher wife and I have two sons in public school. We live on one hundred sixty acres of the lovely wooded hills of Sonoma County, ten miles from Santa Rosa, California. From here we commute to our respective jobs. Belonging to no organized church I am interested in, and approve of, the common basic teachings of the great world religions and try to understand their minor differences. My personal belief is built from many of them.

You are talking (*SR* Aug. 4), I take it, to me and all of us common people. You tell us we all are faced with a great problem—a future fraught with the imminent danger of utter chaos, and a choice to make of our own. I agree.

Now then, let's get our bearings. Let's strip this fearful dilemma down to its bare essentials and see where we are and what we can do about it.

To start the ball rolling toward the kind of world we want I suggest:

(1) Initiate an interchange of ideas among like-minded men by correspondence, with a view to convoking a meeting of a small group of leaders including scientists, ministers, educators, etc.

(2) Site: I suggest a small U. S. town. I have in mind Santa Rosa, California, a county seat town of 25,000, fifty-five miles from San Francisco. There are several alternative meeting places there—in town, or at my hill ranch, ten minutes from town, easily accessible. Housing and other accommodations would be ample.

(3) Following an agreed plan of procedure each person would present, in brief, his own basic ideas to activate a creative movement aiming toward a free world community.

(4) From these would be formulated a set of principles and a plan of action.

At the risk of sounding too optimistic, I believe a small dedicated group can set in motion a new faith and action among men. It was from such a beginning that the elder John Adams's pre-revolution "Committees of Correspondence" in our American colonies sparked the inception of a new democratic government. A successful start toward our goal would be far more important even than their achievement.

W. H. ARMSTRONG.

Santa Rosa, Calif.

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ATLANTIC SHIPS, 1946

Queen Elizabeth

Stavangerfjord

America

Gripsholm

THE GLOBETROTTER'S GOLDEN DECADE

By HORACE SUTTON

TO GO to Europe in the height of the travel season of 1946 you had to be a pioneer. You had your choice, if you wanted to go by ship, of the *Stavangerfjord,* vintage 1918, which had been tied to an Oslo dock from 1941 to 1945, or the *Gripsholm,* which had just spent the war hauling prisoners, diplomats, and refugees around the world. Of the quartet of major transatlantic liners that sail in silhouette above and which returned to service in 1946, the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *America* did not begin to travel from Manhattan until autumn of that year. Pan American, which had been sending its lumbering fly boats to Lisbon, Marseilles, and Southampton before (and during) the war, had started its first land plane service with DC-4s on the new route which lay by way of Gander, an outpost in Newfoundland, and Shannon, Ireland. Newfoundland was not yet a province of Canada and Shannon was not yet that delightful way station, the home of titheless whiskey, free-of-duty cameras, and Irish coffee, a bracer that would soon become the internationalist's drink.

Nineteen-forty-six was a year when John L. Lewis called out 400,000 miners from the pits. TWA got its first Constellations and flew them across the United States in ten hours. The big news from France was the invention of the bikini, and TWA, although presumably not induced by that innovation, began conveying Americans in that direction the same month. The flying time was upwards of twenty hours and what you could expect on the other side were restrictions on bringing in foreign currency, threats of personal searches, the necessity of listing currency upon arrival.

By 1947 the *Mauretania* had returned and then the *Queen Mary,* the *deGrasse* and the *Nieuw Amsterdam.* Flying over in the fall of that year was a marvel. Air France had already opened its own building in New York, was sending the Golden Comet to Paris twice a week carrying a maximum of eighteen passengers. It cost $740 round trip and you could add to that $250 round trip for a berth. The French were setting the mode for luxury in the air with a 440-mile meal, so-called because by the time the truffles, the champagne, the chicken under glass, the asparagus, the fruit, the cheese, the sweet, the coffee, the liqueurs had been served and eaten, the Golden Comet was 440 miles nearer to Paris.

What was there when you arrived was not so marvelous. Spain wasn't yet unlocked. Scandinavia was still a polar region. Britain could have used some more bundles. The Swiss and the Belgians were in pretty good shape, Italy was warm but tired. But anyway, everyone flocked back to see what had become of Paris. Well, you had to remember to have a ration book with you, the electricity was spasmodic, the strikes were frequent, the heating intermittent, the franc was less than 120 to the dollar and a modest breakfast could set you in arrears to the tune of $5. I recall staying within the elegant domain of the Hotel George V, where, since I couldn't afford their *petit déjeuner,* I would repair to a bistro around the corner where hardboiled eggs and white wine were a bargain eye-opener.

Visas were still a necessity, and all you could bring back home in foreign goods was a flat $100 worth unless you wanted to pay the duty. Although he might have been pleased that I had spent so much, a French inspector looked at a suitcase filled with Christmas presents I had bought in France in December 1947 and shook his head over what he considered just too many purchases. And even some years later an American customs man required that I lay every souvenir out on the counter because I had forgotten to declare one three-dollar cuckoo clock. To this day I am gun-shy and list each purchase separately, much to the exasperation of inspectors whose interpretation of the regulations has become more broad, and whose mien more friendly.

FOR the relaxation of many of the senseless restrictions on tourists the tourist himself can thank the Marshall Plan and the ECA, which waded into a marshland of red tape and bureaucratic swamp in 1948 determined to make tourism a pleasant, painless way of supplying Europe

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with the dollars it needed to buy U.S. products. Its money went into hotels and tourist facilities. It taught Europeans that tourism was an "invisible export," a term heard often in those days, and it managed to eliminate visas for Americans traveling to most countries of Western Europe. It gained support from the European Travel Commission, a coalition of European nations interested in attracting travelers. The Department of Commerce set up a Travel Advisory Committee. Somebody realized that the $100 limit was working against everybody's interest and soon Americans were allowed to bring home $500 worth of foreign goods duty free. The United Nations stepped in during 1954 and promulgated treaties which would ease customs and aid the entry of tourists' automobiles.

THE European Travel Commission was so successful that a Caribbean Tourist Association was formed in 1950 and a Pacific Area Travel Association in 1952. Only South Americans couldn't get together, and they haven't to this day. Only South America still requires a gallery of photographs, reams of affidavits, and in some cases statements from the local chief of police attesting to the continuing good behavior of the traveler. Only South America of all the places immediately reachable to North Americans has failed to excite the imagination of the north-of-the-border traveler. And what a potential exists . . . magnificent cities, Indian culture, beautiful handicraft, mountains like Switzerland, lakes like Italy, virtually unexplored.

Before the war the West Indies was a short winter's cruise, a drink in Sloppy Joe's and Havana after midnight. But the airplane created a brand new visitor, an island-hopper who jumped to Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, to Haiti and Jamaica. And each year the cognoscenti found new places, new islands just a bit farther off the track—first St. Thomas, then St. Croix, now St. John. On to Antigua, to St. Vincent, to Granada and Tobago, and there are enough discoveries left for years to come.

Out towards Hawaii soared the Westerner (and soon the Easterner too), hopping the 2,400 miles from the coast in ever-shortening leaps. The big Boeing Stratocruisers, perhaps the world's most comfortable airplane, does it nicely in an overnight jump. But that wasn't enough. United brought in the DC-7, sent it from New York to Honolulu, from the East Coast dawn to the mid-Pacific dusk. All the Pacific then began to unfold, a whole new traveler's world that once existed in the works of Maugham, Hearn, Loti, Gauguin, Melville, Stevenson, and lately Michener. If Peking was closed there was Bangkok. There was Bali and India. And if the scheduled airliners were not going to have enough enterprise some trip-packagers got together and really opened Tahiti with charter flights out of Honolulu. It was expensive and only for males, but the route was won and jets three years hence will bring the island within the same flying time from New York as Paris is today. Before the month is out the first of Matson's spotless white liners will inaugurate the first regular U.S. tourist service to the harbor of Papeete with stops along the cruiseway at New Zealand, Australia and Fiji. American President is poring over the plans for its service that heads out from Pacific coast ports to Hawaii and far beyond to Yokohama, Hongkong, and Manila.

In between excursions southward to the warm seas, westward into the Pacific, and eastward to the Old World,

Americans rattled around their own country at an unprecendented clip. The "tourist room" of the Thirties became the motel, and the motel became so fancy it was almost back to being a hotel again. If the walls were made of Nabiscos there was a swimming pool in the front yard, air-conditioning and television in every room, radio broadcasts from the dining room, playrooms for children, saloons for the thirsty.

If you didn't have your own car or if you didn't feel like sitting at the wheel for long distances you could fly or ride the rails for the big jump and have a car waiting for you when you arrived. Independents like the Smalley Brothers of Florida, both under thirty-five, took over a car rental business that was started by their grandparents under a Miami Beach umbrella in 1928. With seventeen cars after the war they now own 1,500 in twenty-three offices in seventeen cities stretching from Key West to Denver and over the nearby sea to Cuba and Puerto Rico. Huge car rental operators such as Hertz of Chicago with over 1,000 offices in 700 cities all over the world have placed orders for 15,600 new 1957 cars at an outlay of $33 million, 20 per cent of them sports cars and convertibles. And there are scores of ways to have a car, bought or rented, waiting at a foreign dock or airport upon arrival from the U.S.

Lest all the business go rolling off in cars owned or rented, or in planes or air-conditioned buses, the railroads invented a bubble-topped Vista-Dome in which sightseers could go tootling off into the Rockies or the fir-and-forestlands of the Northwest like a hedge-hopping pursuit pilot. There were valiant efforts during the decade to show movies on trains, to install hostesses, radio music, and sightseeing commentaries. But as the era drew to a close the nation's railroads didn't seem sure whether they wanted low, fast underslung trains such as GM built and tried out on the tracks of the Pennsy and the New York Central, or whether it really preferred double-deckers which appeared this year on the rails of the Santa Fe. It appeared as if the long-haul business was being defaulted to the airlines, and that the railroads were out to prove that for short hauls it was much better to take the train than mess with the traffic of the nation's highways.

Whichever way you went there seemed no end to the boom in south Florida, and the hotels along Collins Avenue in Miami Beach rose like the Great Wall to shut out the view of the sea that was rumored to wash against the sands on the yonder side of the concrete. Come to think of it, nobody used the sands very much and the ocean had grown all but obsolete. After all, there is scarcely a hotel in Miami Beach without a pool. Saratoga didn't get the play much anymore, but there was Aspen. People soaked up culture along with the sun. It was more of a tonic, that and the culture, than the sulphuric waters of any spa. Phenomena like Las Vegas and Palm Springs bloomed like roses in the desert, and flourished as though tended by a Burbankian thumb.

OFF to a slow start after the war, the scheduled airlines of this country have at decade's end more than tripled the passengers they carry in a year. Last year they flew more than one-quarter of the entire population over nearly half a million miles of air track. Tourist class air service was introduced and it has proven better (and of course cheaper) than the standard service of eight years ago. Family fare plans broadened the vista for wives and children who had been stay-at-homes. You could go now and then pay later. The Thrift Season fares which encouraged travel in the slow winter months gave way finally to a fifteen-day excursion fare which offered anybody with a two-week vacation a roundtrip to Europe for about

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A PORTENTOUS PAST, A FUTURE, A PHILOSOPHY:

EVERYMAN, EVERYWHERE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As the ten most exciting years for the American traveler—1946-1956—drew to a close it was clear that the standout achievement was the emergence of the airplane as a high-speed airborne bus that left no corner of the world farther than thirty-nine hours from a U.S. port. With the shade coming down on the decade, and the voyager standing on the eve of the age of jet,* SR's *William Patterson was in Edinburgh. There at a conclave of the heads of seventy-four airlines he observed the meeting's chairman, a man who had perhaps given more propulsion to the Golden Decade than anyone else in the world of travel and whose momentum would be felt far into the worldwide travel era to follow.*

EDINBURGH.

WHEN he was twenty-eight, and that was only twenty-nine years ago, Juan Terry Trippe was president of Pan American Airways, an airline possessed of one airplane which flew the mail and several nerveless passengers across the ninety miles which separate Key West, Florida, and Havana, Cuba. Juan Trippe not only had an airline. He had a mail pilot's certificate and he had a philosophy. The certificate was number fifty-eight and the philosophy was that the plane would prevail because it would prove faster, cheaper, and more convenient.

As autumn came to Scotland twenty-nine years later and the heather glowed deep purple in the glens, the executives of the world's airlines sat together in Edinburgh and revealed that they were now flying 70 million passengers a year a combined distance that would stretch 2 million times around the globe. On the rostrum was Juan Terry Trippe, retiring president of the International Air Transport Association (IATA), still president of Pan American World Airways, now a $275 million enterprise operating 137 multi-engine aircraft over 65,000 miles of routes, manned by 19,000 employes stationed in eighty countries on six continents.

If the philosophy had grown, as indeed had Pan-Am, it is still basically the same. Says Trippe, now head of a globe-girdling complex of planes and people, "Air transport can be made more completely the instrument of the common man . . . because air transport does have the choice . . . the very clear choice . . . of becoming a luxury service to carry the well-to-do at high prices or to carry the average man for what he can afford to pay. Pan American has chosen the latter course . . . Air transport will bring greater prosperity to all the world both in tourist expenditures abroad and by stepping up the tempo of trade and commerce. . . .

"These are tangible benefits we may hope for. The intangible may be more precious still. Understanding between nations should grow as more of us meet each other face to face and talk things over.

"If America's railroads had run North and South instead of East and West, there would probably have been no Civil War. We all recall people against whom we were prejudiced by reputation, but whom we have come to like when we knew them. . . . Our country can foster greater international goodwill by providing frequent and cheap communications with the countries of the world.

"And what is true of passenger service is equally true for mail. A ton of air mail is a normal part of a Clipper cargo. A ton of mail —80,000 letters, 80,000 separate ideas—have crossed an international boundary. It would be hard to overstate their influence."

Juan Trippe.

A ton of mail in one plane is a long way from the Havana-Key West shuttle and Mail Pilot's Certificate No. 58, but Juan Trippe has no feeling of having accomplished it all himself. He looks back to KLM's late Dr. Albert Plesman. "As far back as 1919 he had the vision of air travel between countries when he opened the first Rotterdam-London service, and he built KLM to fulfil that vision." And nothing stirred public awareness more than Lindberg's flight to Paris, which gave a dramatic thrust to Trippe's own vision of over-ocean air travel linking the continents.

Ahead is the coming of jet transport. With new high-speed travel, reduced air fares, and the initiative of the steamship lines in meeting competition from the air, twice as many Americans will be taking foreign excursions, says airman Trippe. After all, one jet in one year will carry as many passengers across the Atlantic as the S.S. *United States*. Trippe thinks a vast horizon exists in other corners of the world, such as the Pacific, not only for tourists and trade but for the international understanding which this traffic produces.

"Travel, like education, is no longer a luxury for Everyman. But in an era of low-cost, high-speed transportation, travel takes on an entirely new significance. For us, foreign travel is a cultural, political, and economic necessity, if our country is to fulfil its new responsibility of world leadership. . . .

"Mass travel by air may prove to be more significant to world destiny than the atom bomb. For there can be no atom bomb potentially more powerful than the air tourist, charged with curiosity, enthusiasm, and good will, who can roam the four corners of the world, meeting in friendship and understanding the people of other nations and races.

"The tourist plane and the bomber for years have been racing each other toward a photo finish. In my opinion, however, the tourist plane, if allowed to move forward unshackled by political boundaries and economic restrictions, will win this 'race between education and catastrophe'."

To Juan Trippe an unlimited horizon for human progress has been opened up by man's ability to navigate the vast ocean of the air which rolls up to the doorstep of Everyman Everywhere, unimpeded by geographical barriers. It is the modern navigators of the air ocean, mankind's new *mare nostrum*, who will finally help make Everyman Everywhere neighbor, friend, and brother. —WILLIAM D. PATTERSON.

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$425 in transportation costs plus room and board abroad.

Planes flew to Europe not by the old-fashioned Lindbergh route but from California over the Arctic wastes, and landed in Copenhagen. One night this winter I said goodbye to two friends in Stockholm because here, though we were both going home to the U.S.A., our paths divided. They were going to Los Angeles over the Pole and I to New York over the ocean. The Holland America Line singlehandedly lifted the tourist class passenger out of the steerage gave him two ships, the *Ryndam* and *Maasdam* that were air-conditioned, built primarily for the comfort of the $165, third-class passenger. Intercontinental Hotels and Hilton International began to stretch a catwalk across the world with first-class American hotels set up in places where one might least expect them.

Yugoslavia opened the gates, then Moscow. Ships sailed again on the Black Sea, and if a traveler had patience and money there were enough on-limits sights in Russia to keep the tourist hopping for a month or more. Happy noises came from Rumania, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. If diplomatic differences could be patched there were still Hungary, Bulgaria, and Albania if anybody wanted to go there. After that? Well, China and the Mongolias, Laos, and Tibet.

For the first time, over the ocean planes carried as many passengers as ships. But figures for 1956 are so far ahead of last year that it is virtually certain that transatlantic ships will have carried more than a million passengers before the year is out, or three times the figure of a decade ago. Coming by sea is the new *France*, with room for 2,000 passengers, 500 in first class, 1,500 in tourist, air-conditioned throughout, here in 1960. There is to be a sister ship to the *United States*, another to the sunken *Andrea Doria*, a third cruiser for Canadian Pacific, a new *Statendam* for the Holland America Line (eighty-four in first class, 871 in tourist) and later a new *Rotterdam*. And the spring will bring the new *Gripsholm*, a Swedish liner with 240 in first class and 600 in rejuvenated tourist.

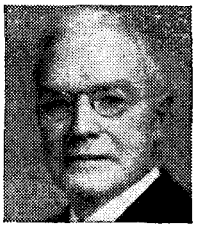
The turbo props already whistle in our airports but before the Sixties are here the jets will be with us, flying from the coast to Hawaii in four and a half hours and from Idlewild to Europe between meals. Snug aboard the soundless, vibrationless, propless, swept-wing machine, zooming faster than sound, sky-high miles above the earth, the jet age will have come home to everyman. We have lived the decade that spawns the next. The child is father of the man.

THE TRAVEL MERCHANTS

New Hotels, New Sights, New Modes of Transport Were the Accomplishments of These Men During the Momentous Years of Tourism

HENRY DREYFUSS, 52, onetime theatrical designer, created the interiors for the *Independence* and the *Constitution* for American Export, the Super-Constellations for Lockheed, the Twentieth Century for the New York Central, gave postwar American transport design a sleek, *House-Beautiful*, Statler-modern, antiseptic look of its own that borrowed neither from the French nor the Scandinavians. New Yorker Dreyfuss thinks seats of tomorrow's planes will be adjustable for firmness, will have individual reading lights, and controlled speakers in the "ears" of the backrests. Cars will have radar that will cut speed automatically, retractable right angle wheels for simple parking.

DONALD WILLIS DOUGLAS, 64, was born in Brooklyn, resigned from Annapolis to take up aeronautics at MIT, began building his own planes in California in 1920. He started the famous DC series in 1932, and his C-47 wartime transport became the DC-4, an over-the-ocean flyer that was ready for commercial flying when the war ended. In the past decade over 700 DC-6 and DC-7s have been delivered, for a total value of $750,000,000, and Douglas has a backlog of orders for 294 piston-powered planes which by spring will come off the line fifteen a month. It holds orders for 114 DC-8s, its jet aircraft, to be unveiled early in the coming decade.



JOHN DAVIDSON ROCKEFELLER, Jr., 83, was the only son of old John D., went to Brown, came home with a Phi Beta Kappa key, begat five sons, one daughter. A lifelong interest in conservation inspired him to come to the aid of Acadia National Park, New York's Fort Tryon Park, The Cloisters, the home of Washington Irving, New Jersey's Palisades Interstate Park. He restored Williamsburg, dispatched funds for the Agora in Athens, the Cathedral at Rheims, the historic monuments at Versailles and Fontainebleau. He and his sons have been active in creating a national park in the Tetons and another in the Virgin Islands, and still another resort project is underway in Puerto Rico.

CONRAD N. HILTON, 69, was born in New Mexico, started with a small hotel in Cisco, Texas, in 1919. As of press time the Cisco Kid owned the Waldorf, was in control of 27,810 of the globe's hotel rooms including the whole Statler chain which was bought for $110,000,000, and the world's largest hotel (in Chicago), the Conrad Hilton. Outside the States there were Hilton hotels in San Juan, Madrid, Istanbul, and Mexico and others were abuilding south of the border and in Havana, Montreal, Cairo, and West Berlin. Contracts had been let for Rome, Tokyo, Bangkok, and Baghdad.

When **RALPH DAMON,** TWA's president died at the age of 58 last January, he had been in aviation for thirty-eight years. He was born in New Hampshire, graduated cum laude from Harvard, was president of Curtiss by 1935 for whom he developed the Curtiss Condor, first all-sleeper transport airplane. He took over as president of Republic Aviation during the war, built P-47s, became president of American Airlines in 1945, resigned when AOA sold its overseas links to Pan American. He moved into international aviation nonetheless when he took over as president of TWA in 1949. After four months he had shaken hands with almost all of TWA's 16,000 employees, flew 100,000 miles a year, guided TWA on a path towards low-cost mass air transport on its routes that stretch now from Kansas City to Ceylon.

WALTER L. JACOBS, 60, was a crack auto salesman, at 21 sold more Fords than anyone else in Chicago. At 22 he started a car rental business which was bought a year later by one John Hertz who utimately sold it to General Motors. From a business that started with twelve used Model Ts, Hertz now free of GM, and with Jacobs as president will have 20,000 cars available next year. But the car rental business led by Hertz, Avis, and such lively independents as Couture of Florida boomed during the decade, set up shop in depots and airports, offered credit cards, spread to Europe. Hertz rented 466,254 cars in 1947, logged over 3,000,000 rentals in 1955.

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Greencastle, Northern Ireland, was once capital of the Kingdom of Mourne.

Honeymooners explore Conway, Wales. Edward I was besieged here in 1295.

Dunvegan Castle in Skye. See this island in Autumn—when the heather is out.

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Before you go over, write down everybody's *sizes*. Your dollar has almost *twice* the purchasing power in Britain, and you'll want to bring back cashmere sweaters for the whole family.

Arrange to have a rented car waiting. It will cost only 10¢ a mile including gas. As for cycling, ask the Cyclists' Touring Club, 3 Craven Hill, London, W.2. Most important: see your Travel Agent *now*.

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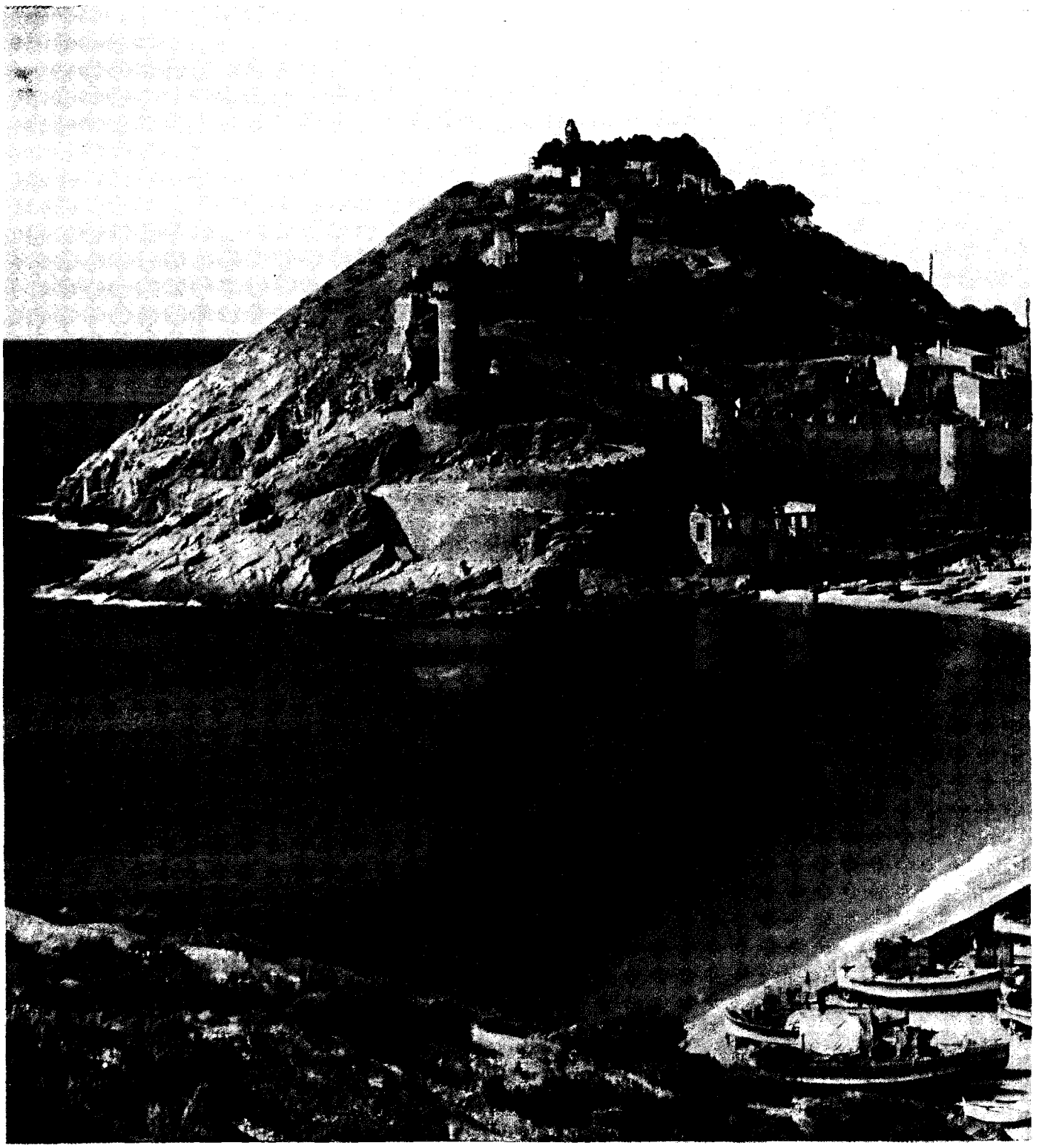
Pan Am will fly you aroun



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With daily Clipper* service and the World-Wide Plan, Go Now—Pay Later, neither Time nor Cost need keep you from going

Now you can inscribe your name on a list headed by Magellan and swashbuckling Sir Francis Drake. Pan Am has *lifted the barriers.*

No longer can you say, "IT TAKES TOO LONG." Pan Am can fly you 'round on a normal vacation, spending only 75 hours in the air.

No longer can you say, "IT COSTS TOO MUCH." The World-Wide Plan, Go Now—Pay Later—combined with thrifty Tourist service—lets you take off for as little as $135 down . . . asks no collateral . . . gives you up to 20 months to pay the rest. But Time won't wait. You must decide now. Call your Travel Agent or Pan American.

Faraway or near to home
GO NOW—PAY LATER

Tourist Round trip from New York	Minimum down payment To nearest dollar	20 monthly payments
'Round the World $135		$70
Bermuda	10	5
Hawaii	45	24
Paris	56	30
Rome	65	35
Buenos Aires	87	46

Family Fares save money to Europe. Husband or wife pays regular fare, other parent and all children through age 25 pay reduced Family Fare.

If you're alone, ask about *new* 15-day tourist Excursion Fares†.

†Subject to Gov't approval.

To the left is Tossa on Spain's *Costa Brava.* Best selling *NEW HORIZONS* tells of hundreds more such enchanted spots. New hard cover, 576 pages, 16,337 facts on all 6 continents. Gives you the knowledge of an experienced world traveler. Yours for $1, satisfaction guaranteed. Write Dept. 138, Pan American, P. O. Box 1111, N. Y. 17, N.Y.

*Trade-Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

round the world **Pan American**

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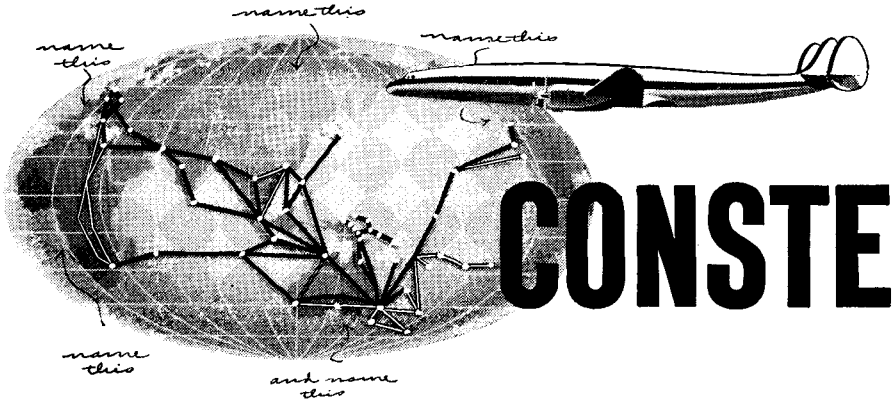
ARCHDUKE! COMMUTE TO THE NEW JOB BY SUPER-G CONSTELLATION!



[*What has happened ere now*] *Qantas, in a flight of Graustarkian derring-do, changed the name of the South Pacific to the* ***Archduchy of Qantasylvania.*** *This stroke has not set too well with our competitors; they thirst for revenge. Unless we act with all speed the rascals will, we feel sure, impose their own names on the five continents that Qantas serves; viz., North America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia. You wouldn't want that, would you? Of course not. What we've got to do, then, is scoop them and rename the continents ourselves. We need your help.*

Meanwhile, back at the Archduchy . . .

II.

High jinks at the castle! Village girls are strewing the courtyard with hibiscus and the Qantasylvanian Silver Cornet Band—actually a pickup group of beach boys who grouse continually about the high collars and puttees—is practicing up on "To Thee, Qantasylvania," "Hail, All Hail, Vernon VI" (you), and "There'll Be A Hot Time On The Old Atoll Tonight." Your subjects await.

The winner in our Rename the Continents Contest becomes hereditary Archduke (Archduchess) of Qantasylvania and receives a magnificent, emblazoned coat of arms and a family tree going back 22 generations. Plus a stuffed koala bear 5 feet high. Wow! You will, in addition, be empowered to dispense sinecures to relatives, appoint dignitaries and purveyors, and fill vital government posts with fawning friends. Just the other day we interrupted a protocol discussion (whether your mother-in-law, the Dowager Countess, outranks Commander Whitehead) between the Court Chamberlain and the Grand Vizier to tell them to start cleaning out their desks.

Second prize is a Fijian kava bowl, just the thing for convivial occasions, and not unattractive. Third prize is a stuffed 14-pound New Zealand Rainbow Trout; we're sorry we couldn't get a large one for you, but that's the breaks. Fourth through 100th prizes are smallish koala bears and Qantas old school ties, one of each. *All* entrants will receive Certificates of Citizenship in Qantasylvania suitable for framing.

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK — *Deadline December 1, 1956! ! ! !* *Qantas, Union Square, San Francisco*

Gentle Lieges: Look, we hardly have room in the Great Hall to feed the heirs apparent and the Dowager Countess much less a lot of serfs, vassals, and old family retainers. Still, it's not every day one becomes an Archduke (Archduchess). I think the continents should be renamed:

NORTH AMERICA:_____ AUSTRALIA:_____

AFRICA:_____ ASIA:_____ EUROPE:_____

Australia's Overseas Airline QANTAS

NAME:_____

ADDRESS:_____

CITY:_____ STATE:_____

P.S. Say, I hear the Pacific Area Travel Association is giving away an island. Could you send me one of their contest blanks?

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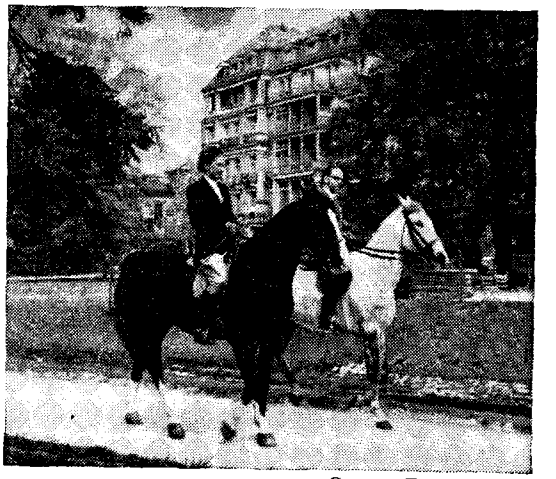
YESTERDAY'S LABELS

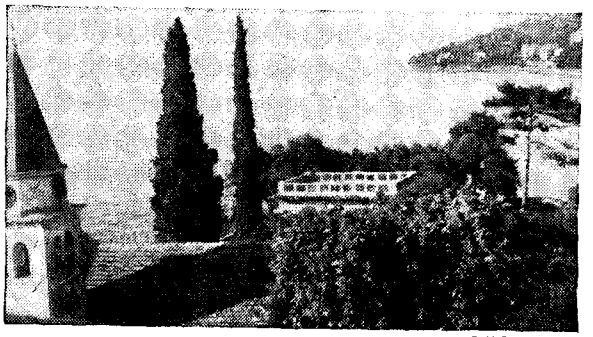
—Ewing Galloway.

Shanghai—U.S. State Dept. forbids travel to Communist China.



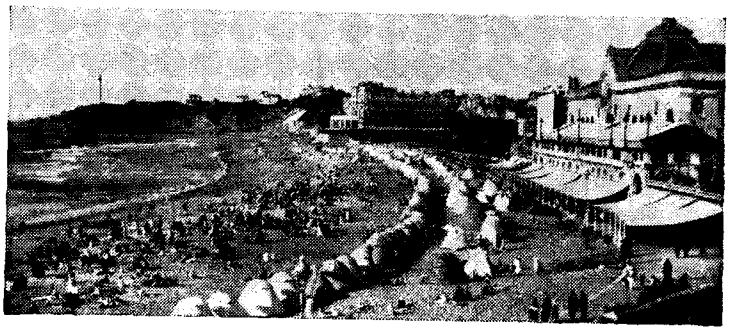
—German Tourist Office.

Baden-Baden—Today there's no time for spa-sitting.



—Wide World.

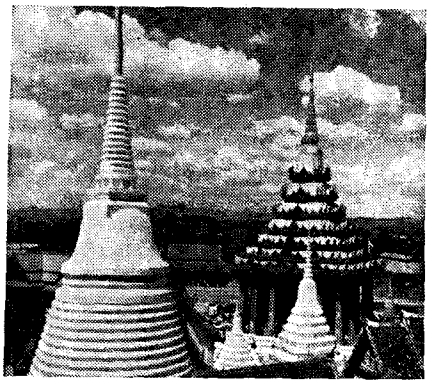
Brioni—Plush Italian resort, now Tito's private islands.



—Culver.

Biarritz—Gilded, baroque, and held-over from a gracious era.

AND TODAY'S



—Ewing Krainin.

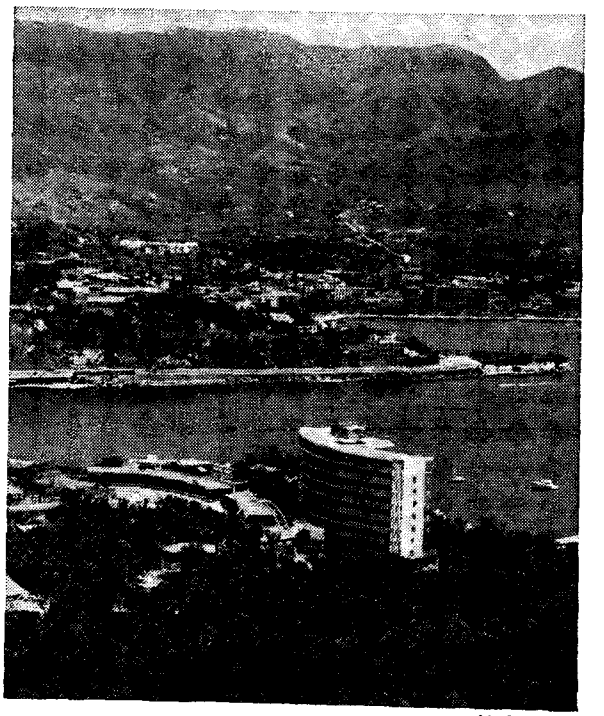
Bangkok—New sight in the Orient.

—United Airlines.

Hawaii Goes Boom!

—Desert Sea News Bureau.

Las Vegas—Out of a dry desert, girls, dice, music, talent.



—Air France.

Acapulco—A new Miami on the coast of Mexico.

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BRING LEGEND TO LIFE—
VISIT

GREECE

Land of Myth and Magic

Sail on the TSS OLYMPIA to Greece. See the ancient glories of Hellas by luxury motorcoach. Enchanting Aegean cruises. Fine roads, modern hotels . . . picturesque villages among the olive groves. Travel's a pleasure in this hospitable land . . . surprising dollar values, wide range of accommodations.

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TOURIST ORGANIZATION
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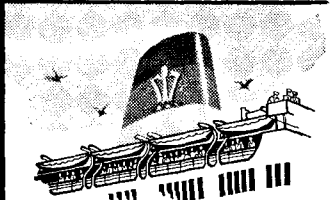
30 Omirou Street, Athens
For reservations see your travel agent



YOU HAVEN'T SEEN EUROPE
UNLESS YOU HAVE ALSO SEEN GREECE!

GREEK LINE
10 Bridge Street, New York 4, N. Y.
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CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO
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Folders available: Tourist Information Dept.

ONE MAN'S CRYSTAL BALL

MORE STARS TO MARS
THAN ANY OTHER ROCKET LINE!

DC-969AX FASTEST OF ALL, 14 DAYS, 7⅛ HRS. NON-STOP

★ Choice filet mignon tablets—served in your own individual envelope!
★ Full, wide foam-rubber seats—with newest-design gravity grippers!
★ Built-in air lock—absolutely ends all "bends"!
★ Congenial Starlight Cocktail Lounge—lose a weekend, or a week, enroute!

. . . PLUS telepathic music, Venus-grown flowers, stardust-carpet departures and arrivals!

LOOK! SPECIAL MARTIAN PACKAGE VACATIONS
6 weeks in glamorous Pressurized Villa, as low as $595! Includes conducted tours of palm-shaded irrigation ditches!

See your space travel agent or television-phone MU 7-7200
On Mars, dial CAnal 2-22222

FLY NATIONAL

Madison Avenue dream—advertising man's notion of an airline's ad in 2034.

By PAUL J. C. FRIEDLANDER

YOU, when used hereinafter, will mean *you*—the average, ordinary, common-garden-variety tourist and business traveler. Not the adventurer, not the millionaire playboy or girl, not the test pilots for Bell Aircraft who swoop twenty miles or more up in the skies in a jet and/or rocket experimental job at 1,900 miles an hour, and not those brave Air Force volunteers and civilian scientists and pilots who may, by 1966, have solved the mysteries of the heat barrier and be playing tag with the moon. You are the people who meekly queue up at airport ticket counters, buy your tickets, and sit bored and cramped and sometimes frightened in the commercial airliners that fly from here to there on schedule. Under this definition you are even entitled to get seasick on the North Atlantic in July.

Now, then, this is what *you* won't be doing in 1966:

You won't be flying to the moon, or to any of the planets, not even to man-made satellites. You might have seen a rocket ship with men inside it soaring off at 1,000 or 2,000 miles an hour, but that's as close as you will come to rocket travel.

You will have flown in pure jet airplanes, in the company of as many as 150 to 250 fellow passengers, but your cruising speeds will range between 500 and 600 miles an hour, and the top speed of these big jets probably will not exceed 700 miles an hour or whatever the speed of sound is at the altitudes and in the atmospheric conditions they will inhabit.

You won't hop over to Europe for

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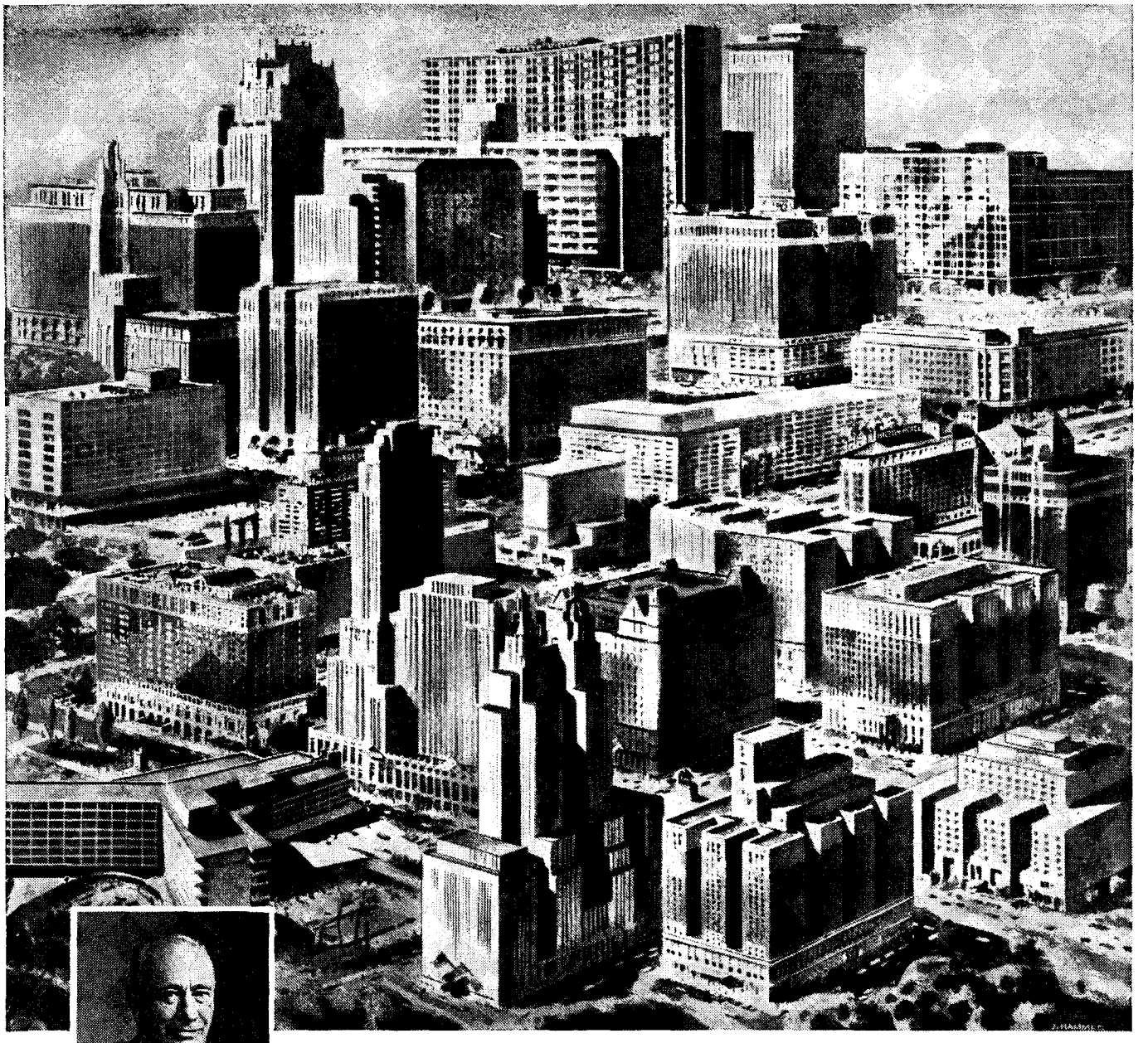

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If all of the Hilton Hotels around the world were placed together, a great new city would be born. With its huge skyscrapers, modern buildings and thousands and thousands of rooms, "Hilton City" would have a population far greater than many important cities. Its inhabitants would comprise every creed and nationality. "Hilton City" would be a self-sufficient community—with living accommodations ranging from lavish apartments to attractive single rooms . . . restaurants, cocktail lounges, coffee houses and famous rooms for dancing and entertainment, also shops and services, sumptuous private function facilities, garages, swimming pools, tennis courts, air-conditioning and television.

At home and abroad Hilton Hotels welcome world travelers with the kind of friendly hospitality that makes traveling a pleasure. For reservations at Hilton and Statler Hotels around the world, telephone your nearest Hilton Hotel and ask for the Out-of-Town Reservation Office.

Hilton Hotels
THE AROUND WORLD

Conrad N. Hilton, President

EASTERN DIVISION—*In New York:* The Waldorf-Astoria, The Plaza and The Statler • *In Washington:* The Statler • *In Boston:* The Statler • *In Buffalo:* The Statler • *In Hartford:* The Statler. **CENTRAL DIVISION**—*In Chicago:* The Conrad Hilton and The Palmer House • *In Detroit:* The Statler • *In Cleveland:* The Statler • *In Cincinnati:* The Netherland Hilton and The Terrace Hilton • *In Columbus:* The Deshler Hilton • *In Dayton:* The Dayton Biltmore • *In St. Louis:* The Statler. **WESTERN DIVISION**—*In Beverly Hills:* The Beverly Hilton • *In Los Angeles:* The Statler • *In Houston:* The Shamrock Hilton • *In Dallas:* The Statler Hilton • *In San Antonio:* Hilton Hotel • *In Fort Worth:* Hilton Hotel • *In El Paso:* Hilton Hotel • *In Albuquerque, New Mexico:* Hilton Hotel • *In Chihuahua, Mexico:* The Palacio Hilton. **HILTON HOTELS INTERNATIONAL**—*In San Juan, Puerto Rico:* The Caribe Hilton • *In Madrid, Spain:* The Castellana Hilton • *In Istanbul, Turkey:* The Istanbul Hilton • *In Mexico City:* The Continental Hilton (Opening December). Hotels under construction in: Acapulco, Mexico; Havana, Cuba; Cairo, Egypt; West Berlin, Germany and Montreal, Canada (a Canadian National Railways Hotel). **RESERVATION OFFICES**—*In New York:* 401 Seventh Avenue, LOngacre 3-6900 • *In Chicago:* The Palmer House, RAndolph 6-5700 Extension 476 • *In San Francisco:* Russ Building, Yukon 6-0576 • *In Toronto:* Knight Building, EMpire 8-2921 • *In Montreal:* 1080 University Street, UNiversity 1-3301.

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This 196-Page FREE VACATION GUIDE TO NEW YORK STATE

. . . offers a thrilling preview of what your 1956 vacation can be . . . helps you plan your holiday to make the most of every exciting hour!

Magnificently illustrated with scores of full-color photographs, drawings and maps. Gives complete data on the Empire State's 15 famous Vacation Regions . . . including 550 different communities and over 1,000 individual attractions. Lists types of accommodations, rates, sports and recreational facilities, sources of additional information.

The most complete state guidebook ever assembled—fully revised for 1956.

----MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

New York State Department of Commerce
Room 371, 112 State Street, Albany 7, N. Y.

Send "New York State Vacationlands." I am interested in: A ( ) resort hotel, B ( ) city hotel, C ( ) bungalow colony, D ( ) tourist home, E ( ) summer cottage, F ( ) campsite, G ( ) children's camp, H ( ) dude ranch, I ( ) motel.
I would like information from areas checked:

1	☐ Adirondacks	8	☐ Long Island
2	☐ New York City	9	☐ Mohawk Valley
3	☐ Catskills	10	☐ Central New York
4	☐ 1000 Islands-St. Lawrence	11	☐ Hudson-Taconic
		12	☐ Genesee Region
5	☐ Niagara Frontier	13	☐ Chautauqua-Allegany
6	☐ Finger Lakes		
7	☐ Saratoga-Lake George	14	☐ Capital District
		15	☐ Southern Tier

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ *Zone* _____ *State* _____

lunch and come back home for dinner except for a gag or publicity stunt. The commercial airlines will be scheduling regular non-stop flights New York to London or Paris in five and one-half to six and one-half hours, adding another hour or more to the return trip because of headwinds.

You will not drive an atomic-powered automobile, although early studies have been made in that field. Nor will you ride in electronically controlled automobiles and buses on electronically controlled super-duper highways, even though these things have passed over from the realm of dreams into the realm of serious planning.

You might put out to sea in an atomic-powered ship but you won't cross the Atlantic in two days nor the Pacific in four or five. You may travel in bigger ships, and more comfortable ones, and you may pay a great deal less for passage, but you won't travel much faster than the four and one-half days the *United States* does it in now and the probable three and one-half days she could do if she had to.

And now in a more positive mood, this is what you may expect to find offered in the airways and steamship guides of 1966, and in the brochures available at your then up-and-coming travel agent:

You may go tootling off for your Sunday drive in a free-piston automobile. The free-piston engine is a complicated simplification of the gas turbine engine which, in turn, is a modification of the jet-type airplane engine. The free-piston engine will burn almost anything liquid enough to pour into a fuel tank, and its exhaust gases won't singe the legs off pedestrians the way gas turbine engines can.

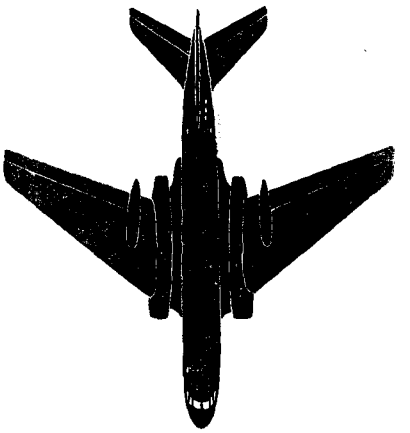
For the short trips, New York to Boston, New York to Washington, you will be able to choose between a helicopter shuttlebus leaving from midtown Manhattan and an old-fashioned DC-7. For the longer, local runs—New York to Chicago with an intermediate stop or two—a turbo-prop plane, one of the newer Viscounts, Britannias or Lockheed Electras cruising along at 400 or 450 miles an hour. The man in a hurry to reach

TOMORROW'S PLANES: Besides the advanced Convairs, the controversial Bristol Britannia, and a perfected British Comet these four will likely fly tomorrow's sky.

DC-8: After a profound success with piston engine planes, this will be the first of the Douglas jets. 114 already on order.

BOEING 707: The makers of the Stratocruiser will be ready with this jet in 1959. Around the world in forty hours.

LOCKHEED ELECTRA: After the Constellation, a 450-mph turbo-prop, landing on short runways. New York-Cleveland: 1 hour, 20 min.



TUPELOV JET: Twin-engine Russian jet caused stir when B. and K. came to London. Will be sold commercially, Reds say.

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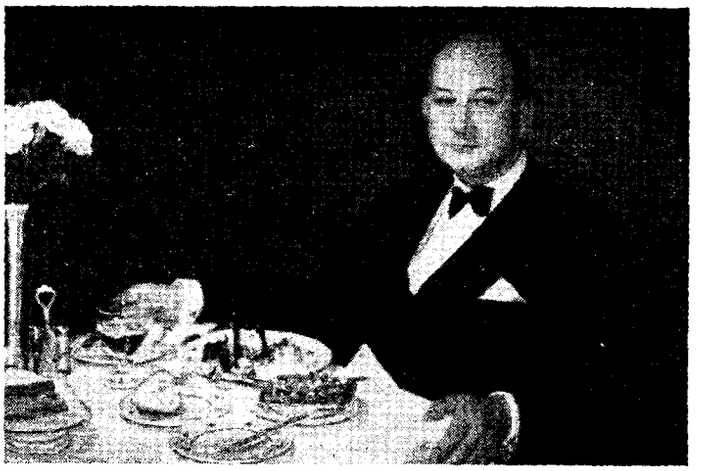
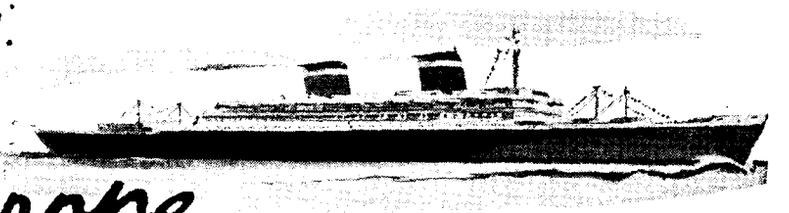
"Crossing in less than 5 days is wonderful," Mrs. George Morrison says. "But it's so enjoyable you wish it could go on forever!" She and Mr. Morrison, President of General Baking Co., make their third crossing on the s.s. UNITED STATES.



Mr. Raymond Greilsamer, President, Coty Export Corporation, enjoys a meal to a gourmet's taste selected from a menu prepared by the world's finest chefs. On the s.s. UNITED STATES you dine on the specialties of five continents. Service is deft, but unobtrusive.

US 1 to Europe



World's fastest ship is first in the hearts of an international Who's Who

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Fogarty appreciate the gay house-party atmosphere aboard a fall sailing of the s.s. UNITED STATES. Mr. Fogarty is President of Continental Can Company. Each year more and more knowing travelers choose spring or fall for their sailings to Europe.

Aboard the s.s. AMERICA, President of Westinghouse Electric Company, Mr. Gwilym A. Price and Mrs. Price in their spacious air-conditioned stateroom plan the route of their trip in Europe.

s.s. United States World's fastest liner, sails from New York 12 noon: Oct. 26*, Nov. 13*, Nov. 29*, Dec. 17*, Jan. 23*, and regularly thereafter. Arrives Havre early morning the 5th day, Southampton, same afternoon. *First Class $350 up; Cabin $220 up; Tourist $172 up.* *Also arrives Bremerhaven 6th day

s.s. America Offers extra hours of leisure at sea. Sails from New York Oct. 18, Dec. 1, Dec. 22, Jan. 11, Feb. 1, and regularly thereafter. 5½ days to Cobh, 6½ to Havre, 7 to Southampton, 8 to Bremerhaven. *First Class $295 up; Cabin $200 up; Tourist $165 up.*

Consult our Authorized Travel Agents or

No finer food and service afloat or ashore

United States Lines

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Offices also in: Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles, Montreal, Norfolk, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Vancouver, Washington, D.C.

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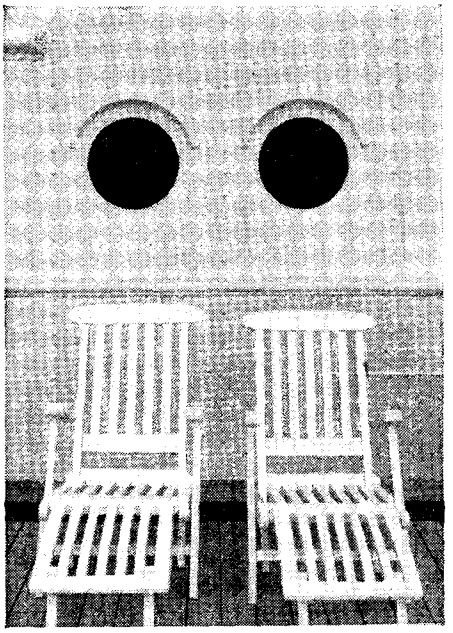
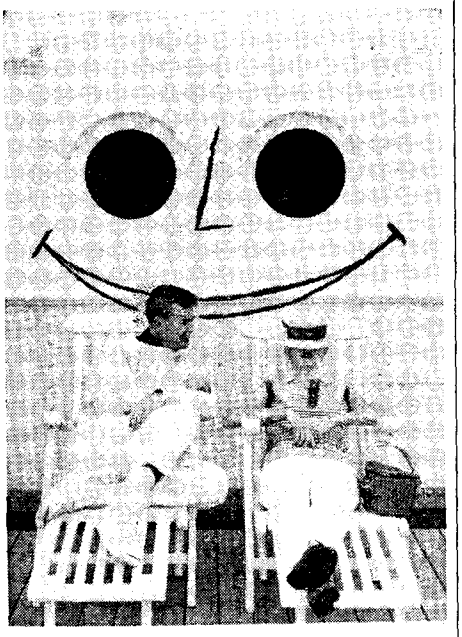
RESERVED...
...FOR YOU!



Put yourself in this picture—on a sunny six weeks' cruise to the fabulous Orient aboard the famed luxury liners *S.S. President Cleveland* or *S.S. President Wilson*. Fine food, skilled service, sports, entertainment, and sightseeing ashore; enjoy them all with congenial company.

Try a restful cruise New York to California aboard the "Presidents" via the Panama Canal.



Ask your travel agent for details

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES
General Offices: 311 California Street
San Francisco 4
YUkon 6-6000

*Tribune*land will go non-stop in a medium-size pure jet plane, clocking the trip in perhaps an hour and a half. Miami will be at the other end of a non-stop run by a larger, faster jet, making it about an hour and fifty-five minutes from Idlewild. The Hollywoodians will be able to jet in for a Times Square preview in less than four hours.

THE BIGGEST shrinkage will come in the longer distances. Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, now twenty hours out from Idlewild—and twenty hours is a long sit in anybody's airplane—should be no more distant than the eleven or twelve hours it takes now to get to London or Paris. Hawaii will be to Los Angeles and California what Miami Beach now is to New York—four hours away. Tokyo will be no farther from San Francisco than Rome is today from New York, about fifteen hours. In other words, you can cut air travel nearly in half. India, via Europe, ought to come within eighteen or twenty hours of New York. Australia, now a seemingly endless journey of thirty-six hours, forty-five minutes, will be a brisk eighteen-twenty hours. And some flights will go via South America and around the fringe of the South Pole, while many planes headed for Europe and Japan will skirt the North Polar regions searching out the shortest great circle routes.

This evolution in the air will be accompanied by a revolution in ground transport. The railroads are already starting to build light, inexpensive, but comfortable trains, fast and economic to haul and to operate. Higher speeds are not their objective, but greater comfort on short hauls, to win passengers back from airplanes and buses.

It will be hard to tell 1966's over-the-road buses from today's airplanes, for their galleys with meals served aboard in motion, the chemical toilets, and the hostesses designed, built, and uniformed after the airline girls.

The changes in shipping will be more gradual. Even the atomic-powered passenger liners will continue to look and act like today's ocean queens. Tourist-class passengers will be treated more and more as if they were human beings, and private toilets and bathrooms and outside rooms will become standard equipment for that class. Except in the cafeteria-style super-liners projected for service in the early Sixties. These may be giants of 90,000 tons, too big to go through the Panama Canal, but big enough to carry 6,000 passengers in minimal rooms with minimal comforts but with private baths and toilets.

The places people will go to will surely be different in 1966, simply because faster air transport will shrink our malleable globe to fit the two- and three-week holidayer. I can still remember how pop-eyed my friends and co-workers were when I flew to London and Frankfurt for a four-day week-end in 1948. Fewer of them raised eyebrows a couple years back when I spent a pleasant Friday through Sunday in Paris, and still fewer a more recent week-end that included Paris and a short visit to Algiers. Such junkets will be commonplace ten years hence. And the people who now go so outwardly casually to Europe for a couple of weeks will be going with more casual ostentation to Karachi and Kashmir, to Toyko and Melbourne, to Siam and, possibly, to Siberia.

Now, Uncle Joe and Aunt Nellie are going to be able to travel to these exotic places because the public carriers, and primarily the airlines, have caught a big eagle by the tail and they can't let go. Once one line starts flying jets, everything else with wings is obsolete, so they all have to have them, and have them they will by 1960, and by 1966 in quantity. An airplane on the ground is like a racehorse in the barn—no profit coming in and it eats up its weight in overhead. *Keep 'em flying* is the cry of the airline auditors. The big jets will make one-and-a-half round trips over the North Atlantic every twenty-four hours. They will thus pay their way easily—if they go out full of passengers, and they'll carry 150 at one lift. One jet will heist 450 people across the Atlantic in twenty-four hours. Ten will carry 4,500 and 100 jets will carry 45,000 people.

NOW we're talking mass movements, which means a mass market—more of us commoners. To get us overseas they'll either have to build a bridge so we can go in the family car or cut the prices down to within our reach. And that doesn't mean $425 for a two-week excursion to London; it means something closer to the $100 one way across the Atlantic that Juan Trippe used to talk about so enthusiastically. Recent rate reductions have been made somewhat reluctantly, but in the Sixties, when the vice presidents in charge of sales see 150 seats to be sold twice a day in each jet transport, this reluctance should disappear under a wave of merchandising. They'll be selling world travel like soap.

So, now we are in 1966 with price, propulsion, and people and most places taken care of, and politics left over. The fast shuffle of people from one country to another should in ten years be a joy to the hearts of the

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ABOVE the crowd

The man who knows, the man whose pictures stand out uses the HASSELBLAD 2¼ x 2¼ single lens reflex camera — the camera that converts ideas into pictures that command attention, that win prizes, that catch the eye of magazine editors.

If you want the *one* camera that lets you play the full register of your talents — if you want the *one* camera that is easily adaptable for every photographic assignment — if you want the *one* camera that gives everybody a *fair and square* chance at better pictures — your only logical and most effective choice is the HASSELBLAD.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Last Chance to Win A Clipper Flight Around the World

We want to remind you that you can win a never-to-be-forgotten flight around the globe via Pan American World Airways with a single picture by entering Saturday Review's World Travel Photo Contest.

DEADLINE FOR ENTRIES IS NOVEMBER 1ST

There are twenty-six attractive prizes for amateur photographers in this carefully-run contest on the exciting theme of your travel either at home or abroad.

For full details see Awards Rules on Page 58

HASSELBLAD V SWEDEN

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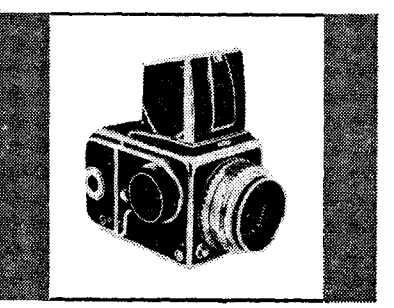

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One Worldians. By 1966 the climate in Washington should have changed sufficiently for the better for our Government to look approvingly upon travel by its citizens anywhere in the world. Instead of a half-million Americans in Europe in a year there ought to be well over a million. Instead of practically no Europeans in the United States, there should be a few hundred thousand. The demand is built up over there, it is just a question of price. Instead of 50,000 North Americans in South America, a quarter of a million might be possible.

Some places are going to undergo—perhaps suffer—serious changes as the tourist leaps farther and farther on his holiday hops. Florida's Gold Coast, from Palm Beach to Miami Beach, may be so close to home that it will no longer be smart or even expensive to go there, so the avant gardists may overfly them to newer cabana clubs in Morocco or the heavier suntan of Tahiti and Samoa, leaving the Breakers and the Eden Roc to the older folks. To avoid the ubiquitous American tourist the smart set may have to abandon its presently remote haunts and either stay home or set up new exclusive camps in Addis Ababa or north of the Distant Early Warning Line.

In the past ten years, world travel has become an exciting adventure in the lives of millions of Americans whose parents never left home. In the next ten years worldlier travel will become an inherent part of life of many million more Americans, as natural and as easy to dream of and achieve as today's family drive out to Yellowstone or the Grand Canyon. Something is bound to rub off when you get millions of average Americans out in the world where they can walk and talk, touch and see things for themselves. It would be impossible for the mayor of a great American city to pick a fight today with King George III of England. And it would be difficult today to sell Franco to anyone who visited Spain recently with his eyes open, or Communism to a tourist fresh back from Yugoslavia or Russia.

Just so, in another decade it will be a lot harder than it is now to sell an isolationist Senator to a constituency that has seen a good chunk of the world. That is the wonderful thing about pleasure travel—like Portia's mercy, it offers extra dividends above and beyond the business and profits it generates, and the pleasure and the deepening experiences it affords the traveler. In 1966, we have reason to hope, we should be cashing in some of these dividends, particularly those labeled understanding, good will and peace, for the general welfare of all the world.

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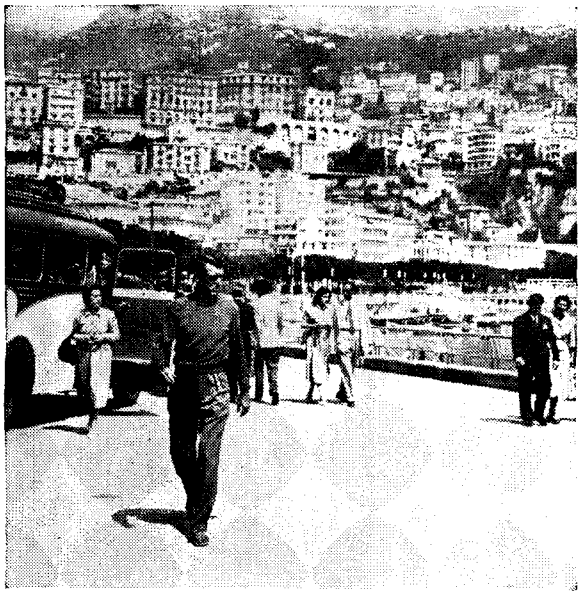
BAEDEKER FROM THE BALCONY

Whether motivated by a burning sense of realism or a mounting pile of blocked credits, the movie-men moved abroad and, shooting on location, created travelogues-with-plots that caused a national restlessness.



"TO CATCH A THIEF": Hitchcock's close shots showed Grace Kelly and Cary Grant in some heady embraces; his long shots showed even headier glimpses of Cap d'Antibes and Cannes. Most spectacular of all was a scene shot from a helicopter, showing Grace and Cary racing along the Grand Corniche in a little red sports-car. In Technicolor and Vista-Vision, naturally.

"SUMMERTIME": "Whatever you do," said a lady American tourist to the Italian guide showing her the glories and the pigeons of the Piazza San Marco, "leave this exactly as it is. Don't change a thing." Meanwhile David Lean, the director of this handsome, *funny, and touching movie,* "did" *Venice as it had never been* done before. The unique and romantic city stole the picture right out from under Katherine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi.

"THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN": This one, a CinemaScope job, brought in more tourists, and while everyone has forgotten the story we all remember the fountains. During the height of the summer season there's little room at the fountain of Trevi for coin-tossing. One of the most profitable concessions in Rome, it's said, belongs to the boys who fish the coins out.

"LUST FOR LIFE": *This solidly* conceived and beautifully photographed movie made sensitive use of French provincial backgrounds by showing the relationship between the scene and Van Gogh's paintings.

"BHOWANI JUNCTION": *Ava* Gardner had to bear the burden of India's caste problems, but meanwhile George Cukor gave us our money's worth by focusing his cameras on the color and the squalor of India.

"ROMAN HOLIDAY": Audrey Hepburn and Gregory Peck were seen playing midst the Roman ruins and palazzi. William Wyler and his cameraman, Franz Planer, spent a lot of time and money erasing the marks of neo-realism from the Eternal City. It came out all shining and scrubbed, and boomed the tourist business no end.

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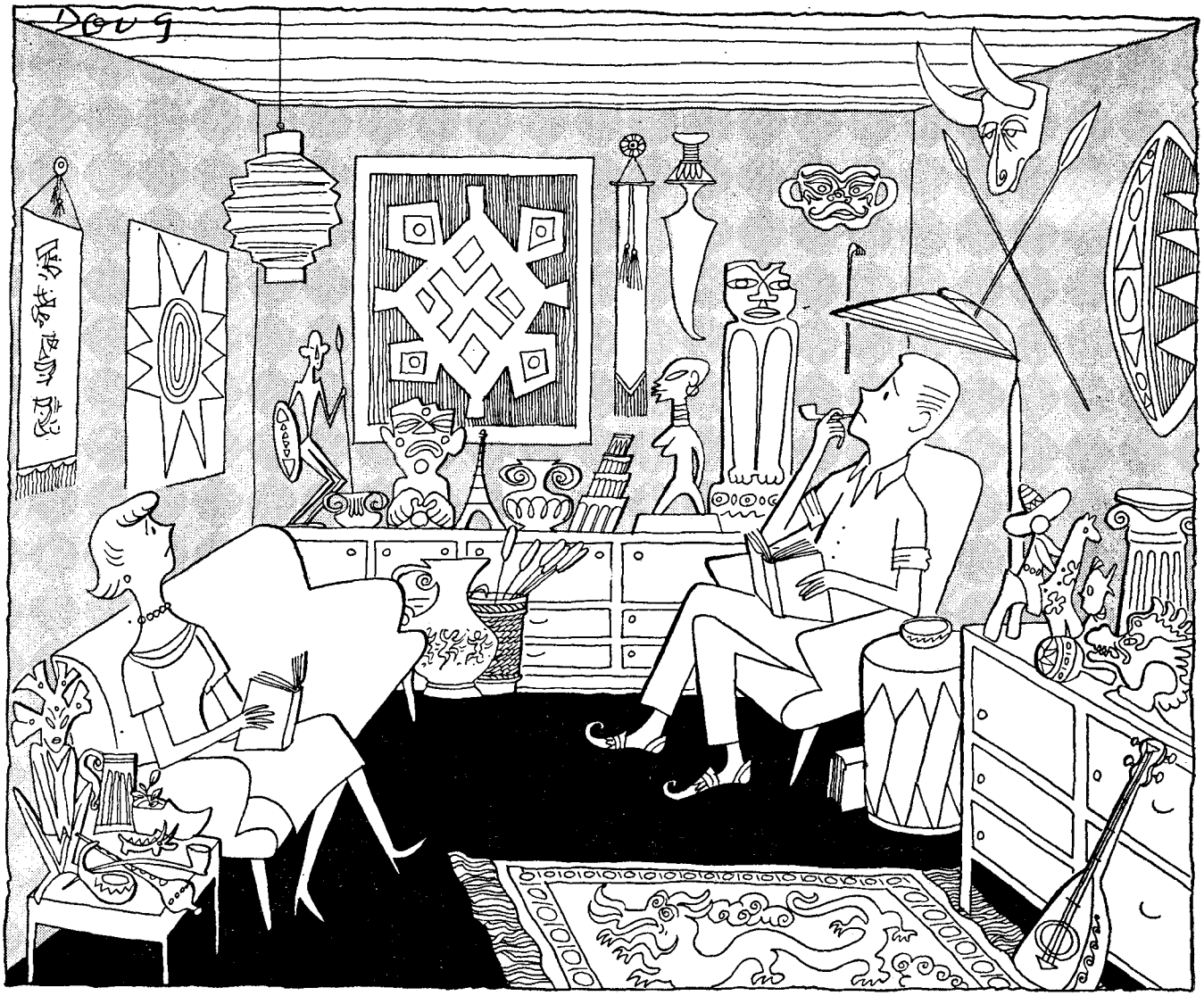

BERET OR BAD HOMBURG?

Confessions of a Peregrinating Purchaser Abroad

By STAN DELAPLANE

A BAREFOOT Mexican boy ran alongside the car all the way through the dusty streets of Mitla. He carried a worn stone idol about a foot high and was coming down on his price every panting step.

"Eleven pesos! Only ten! Buy, Señor, for the love of God, buy!"

Every time I stopped at a corner he would fling the idol on the seat and demand his money as though the transaction had been completed.

At the old pink church alongside the Pyramids of the Dead a covey of Zapotecan Indian women descended on the car. They had idols, too. They had old worn idols. They also had some nice new idols. They even had idols made into napkin rings and ash trays.

"Antique! Antique!" they wailed. "Direct from the Pyramids!"

"Antigua!" cried my boy. "The only one in the world, Señor!"

I bought from the boy a hook-nosed, weatherbeaten god of rain. When I drove out of Mitla he had an exact duplicate and was trying to sell it to an inbound tourist. "For the love of God! The only one in the world!"

The Mitla cottage industry in antiques can hardly keep up with the demand. The last five years' flow of American tourists overseas has juiced up old industries and brought out new free enterprise.

"All Americans want a bargain," said an Italian street salesman of cameos and imitation Parker-51 fountain pens.

I think this is true. The American home from far countries can hardly wait to show you the price tag on the German camera. The silver from the Via Condotti. The Chinese wedding skirt from Kowloon. The cost of a seven-course meal at the Brückenkeller.

Outgoing tourists stagger under notebooks detailing the location of the silver vaults in Charing Cross, the best place for watches in Zurich, or Balenciaga's cut-rate shop in Madrid.

Even our imports show the demand. Look at the current ads for Austrian lodencloth car coats.

The American comes home with knowledge he is not only willing to

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share but to force on his friends.

"Drink Medoc. They call it 'the doctor's wine.' Never felt better."

He has learned that doctors now believe a quality in ancient brandy is a boon to the ailing heart. The older the brandy the better for the ticker. And an American firm is now importing an antique cognac under the name of "Arrex"—the prescription symbol on a phonetic basis.

Keep your eyes and heart open and you will make heartwarming discoveries.

I am an old-time buyer of Tiber bridges. Most of my important buys did not import well. But who cares? The price was right.

I find I do not have the nerve to wear the Basque beret that looked so good when I bought it by the Mediterranean-blue shop in Bayonne. The green-and-red fisherman's cap from Cascais in Portugal is in the bottom drawer under the Lederhosen I purchased in Bad Homburg.

But, man, it only cost me 45$00! Know what that is? About two skins. And look, I even learned to write escudos with the $ sign in the middle. That's worth something.

Nobody can say they didn't warn me about Japanese lighters.

"The spring breaks and the spark wheel is made of reconstructed Kleenex or something else quite wearable," they said at the Press Club.

This turned out to be quite true. But they were only ninety cents! Looked just like a Ronson.

I have a fountain pen that leaks at both ends. My camera rattles with internal indigestion. I have bought counterfeit lire, intimate postcards of Folies Bergère stars that turned out later to be views of the Eiffel Tower, Spanish rugs, and Chinese wall hangings. (I should have hung myself first.)

The things were useless, but the prices murdered me.

I purchased a lot of education. Last year I wandered down a side street near the Roman wall at the end of the Via Veneto.

"Can you point me to the British Embassy? I'm a seaman on the beach."

He was a little man with a Scots plus Italian accent.

"I can't talk the bloody lingo," he said. "Ask the man on the corner, will you?"

I said I couldn't talk it either. But the obliging man on the corner—he was an Italian with a rolled umbrella and a substantial look—moved in closer.

"Ask him in any language," said the Scot generously. "I smuggled in some tweed. Ask him if he wants to buy."

Well, before you knew it we were

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RAND McNALLY

all haggling about it in a coffee shop.

The Italian said he would LOVE to buy the tweed. In fact, he confided to me the Scot was losing money. He could resell the tweed immediately for twice the amount and we could split the profit. But—he had left his money at home. Maybe between us—.

At this point the great white light broke on me.

"My God," I said. "The gypsy switch."

"How is that, signor?"

"Tell me," I said. "How do we do it? Do we wrap the money all together in a handkerchief? And I get to hold it?"

The Scot and the Italian looked downcast.

"I am surprised at you," I said. "The pigeon drop or gypsy switch is older than the Forum. I suppose while you go get the tweed I hold the switch handkerchief full of newspaper cutouts."

The Scot was shocked. "No, sir," he said. "You get the cloth. It is worth the money you lose in the package.

"Why not just sell it to me then?"

"Oh," said the Italian in English, "you wouldn't buy. All Americans want a bargain."

On my way out of Mitla I stopped at the Posada for a beer with Howard Leigh, the American artist who is an expert on the true ancient figures from the Pyramid city.

He said the Zapotecan villagers are so accomplished in making imitation antiques that he, himself, cannot always tell the true from the new.

"They use a stone that cuts easily when it is soaked in water. Then they bury it for a few months and work it over—chip a nose off and so on. The replicas are very good."

I said I supposed this industrious effort started since the Pan American highway opened, since villagers found that tourists would buy the old figures that come to the surface when a well is dug or a road built.

"No," he said. "The business in phony antiques is almost as old as the original figures."

"About 1848, during the Mexican War, a brigadier from Scott's army came down here and sent several barrelsful of figures to the Smithsonian Institution.

"Just a few years ago the Institution ran across them again. They began classifying the stuff. Would you believe it, the Indians of that day had sold the brigadier at least 80 per cent complete fakes?"

In those days the museums had not taken the cream off the old idols and genuine stuff turned up every day. I asked Leigh why he thought the General even bothered to buy the things.

"Who knows?" said Leigh. "Probably they were a bargain."

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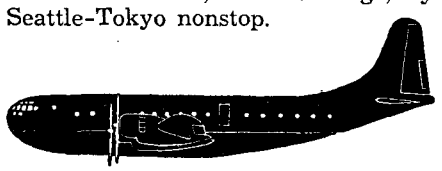
DC-3: The first one flew in December 1935, carried twenty-one passengers. A few were designed as sleepers. A warhorse, a workhorse, it was known to GIs as the gooney-bird. 3,000 are still flying.

DC-7: Last of the Douglas piston planes, it was delivered to American Airlines which sent it from Los Angeles to New York nonstop. New "Seven Seas" version will have 5,000 mile range, fly Seattle-Tokyo nonstop.



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THE WELL-TRAVELED MUSIC-LOVER

By IRVING KOLODIN

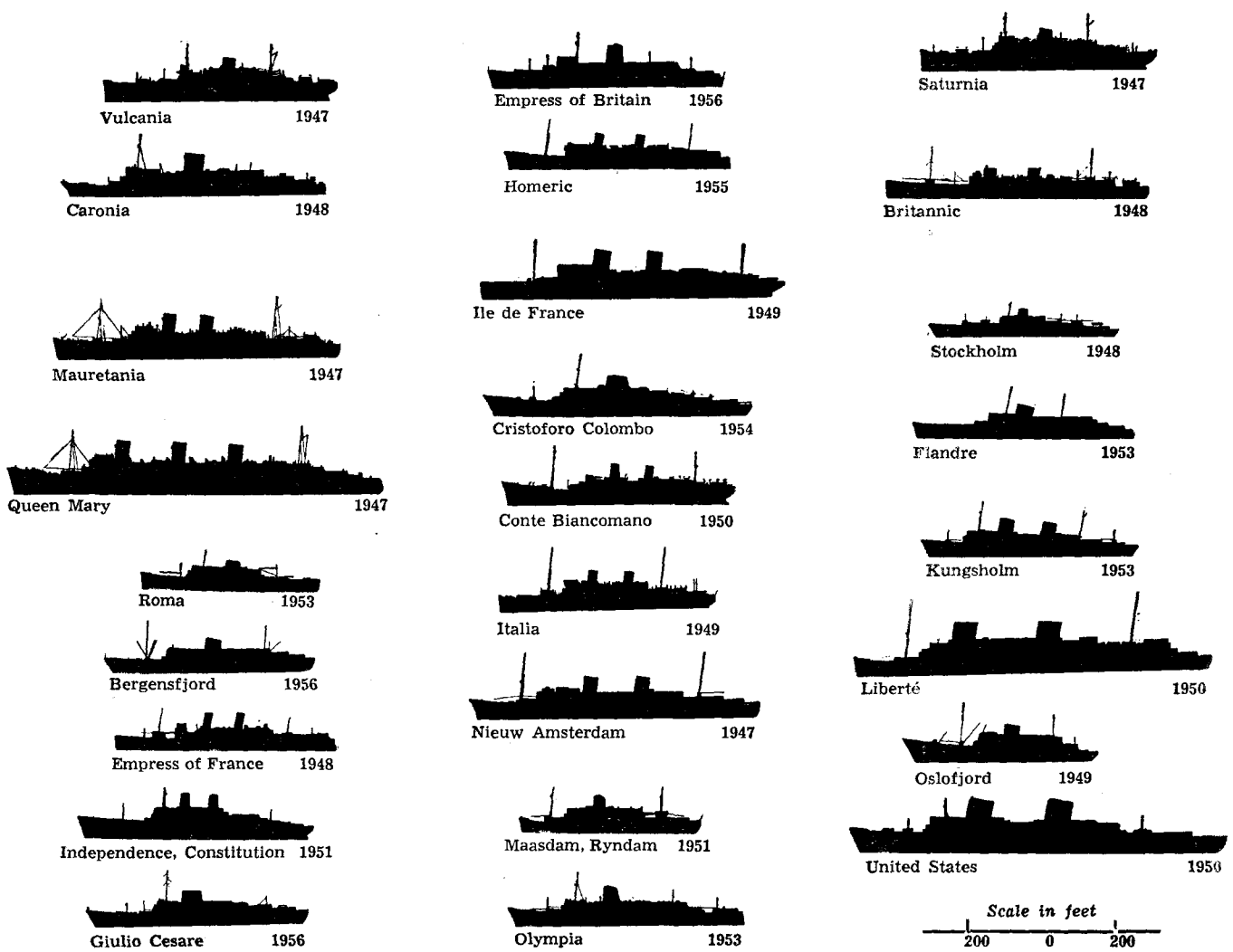
TO BE a well-traveled music lover these days is, really, hardly more difficult than to be a music lover. All that it requires, in the words (or something close) of Lola in "Damn Yankees" is "a little time, a little money"—and, one may add, a lot of patience. The time and the money will go quickly enough—it is the patience that must be husbanded against the smug inconsideration of festival entrepreneurs who do much less to take care of their visitors than the travel entrepreneurs who put themselves out, in loving consideration, to get them where they want to go. If the crazy Americans want to come, seems to be the attitude, let them take what we have to offer.

And the crazy Americans have been coming in ever larger numbers during the past decade. Not necessarily the same crazy Americans year after year—they would have to be "real crazy," in the jazz phrase, for that—but enough replacements for the ones who have "had it" to keep accommodations at a premium in Salzburg and Bayreuth, Edinburgh and Aix, and all the points between where "festivals" have cropped up like weeds after a summer rain.

And, like the horticultural equivalent, the lifeline of some is really nondescript. The prewar pattern of Salzburg (Mozart), Munich (Strauss-Wagner), and Glyndebourne (Mozart) evolved pretty much in emulation of Bayreuth. Built by Wagner himself, this festival made the sleepy Bavarian town in which it is given a magnet for travelers since the 1890s. The impulse for Edinburgh belongs to Rudolf Bing, who offered it first to Oxford, which demurred. Edinburgh saw the possibilities in an international concord of talent (in which the Glyndebourne Opera, which was then Bing's business concern, would have a permanent part) and it hasn't run out of attractions yet.

Elsewhere we have to do with an

SHIPS OF 1956...*Major Vessels on Atlantic Service after 1946*



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orchestra that might be otherwise unemployed or halls that might stand vacant. It was genuine affection for Pablo Casals that prompted a group of musicians to journey to the mountain town of Prades to play and record with him six years ago. Now it can be cited as the first festival to be "put on the road," when it presents a Puerto Rican stand next April. Aix provides activities for Parisian musicians who would otherwise be idle during July and August. Helsinki properly honors its Jan Sibelius, as Bergen does its Edvard Grieg. And so the contagion spreads, to places logical and illogical. There is scarcely a capital city in Europe that doesn't feel obliged to have a week or two, at least, even if—as in the case of Wiesbaden—the talent has to be "imported" from Yugoslavia or Vienna.

At all of these you will see Americans in meager numbers or profuse, depending on how well the attractions have been advertised, the caliber of the "name artists" involved, or the snob appeal of "culture." Have we become much more music-minded in this decade, or is it a matter of taking the transatlantic ferry to the "band concert" instead of a trolley to the village green? It would take an exhaustive survey to provide a statistical answer: the best I can manage is a hedging "could be." Radio and records have made music much more a part of the average person's life than it ever was before, and there is every probability that the hi-fi sound of the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra on records has promoted a hunger for the real thing in its own surroundings.

THE substantial fact is that Americans in substantial numbers have been taking the transatlantic ferry, either as a result of year-round saving or post-pleasure payment. Presumably the Brahms First and the Beethoven Fifth sound a *little* different in Amsterdam's stately Concertgebouw than they do in New York's Lewisohn Stadium on the same night in late June or early July, but let us not forget that for the "ferry fare" the buyer also has access to the Rijks Museum with its fabulous Rembrandts or the university at nearby Leyden. Some of the impulse doubtless comes from the festival fare, but a lot of it stems from the same yen for odd places that stimulates the average traveler.

Taken together, the impulses collect much closer to the surface of realization than they did, say, in 1932 when I made my first trip to Europe. My destination was Salzburg, where Lotte Lehmann, Richard Mayr, and

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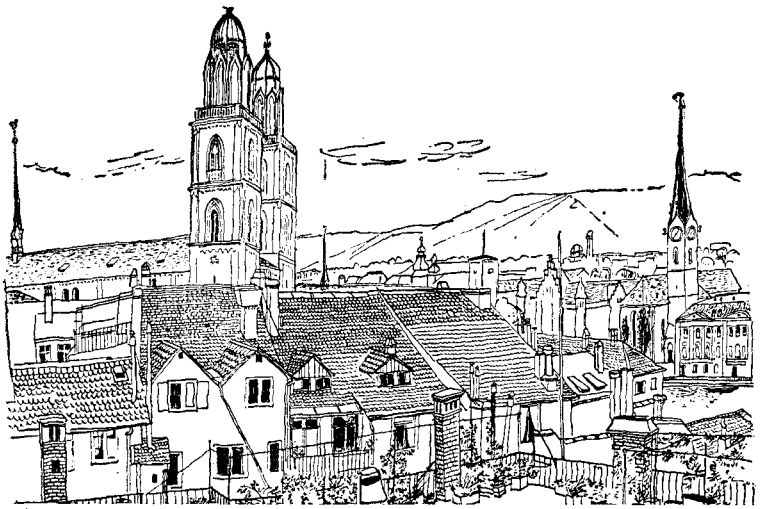

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Sigrid Onegin were singing, and Richard Strauss, Clemens Kraus, and Bruno Walter were conducting. Air travel was, literally, unknown, and the accessible equivalent was tourist class in a nice but slow German boat. Travel time, including railroad at the Continental end, was ten or eleven days. Add in a series of festival performances (where the typical "American" visitors included Katharine Cornell, Vladimir Horowitz, and the then current Elsa Maxwell, whose name I have forgotten) and you could spend a month going and coming just to hear "Cosi," "Orteo" and "Fidelio." It's no exaggeration to say that as much music PLUS travel time back and forth could be collapsed into a week these summers, given sufficient determination.

So, it is clear, the lures have been multiplied while the complications have been divided. The only thing, it seems to me, that has not participated in the arithmetical progression is the aforesaid consideration for the customer. Lest it seem that one is picking on this or that festival area, the charge may be thrown blanket-fashion over all the places where Americans are tempted to go in increasing numbers summer after summer, whether it is Salzburg, Bayreuth, Aix, or Edinburgh. Glyndebourne, for one, makes no pretense of providing housing for those who want to hear Mozart on the Christie estate. You stay in London and come down for the evening. The management provides a modest meal at an immodest price, but at least you know where your bed is—provided it has not been given over to another while you have been absent from your London hotel.

Bayreuth also operates with a kind of implicit code peculiar to the local circumstances. The one, tiny hotel is of course preempted by participants in the festival, who are entitled to superior comforts for the weeks of work they put in. "Everybody" else puts up in rooms in private homes. But the rooms are carefully canvassed by a municipal agency, the rates are fixed in terms of the facilities available, and the householders know, on the basis of experience, what a traveler requires for his purpose. Moreover, in Bayreuth performances begin in midday and run nearly till midnight (the festival area is well-equipped to give him sustenance along the way), so the time spent in the available housing is minimal at best.

Nothing could be more different than Edinburgh. This big, if gloomy, city has several sizable hotels and several less sizable but also pleasant ones. However, festival time in late August and September coincides with

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a period of general influx to Edinburgh, with the result that all sorts of privileged natives absorb the available space before the needs of the visitors can be considered. In the circumstances, it is hard to understand why the city fathers reacted with enthusiasm to the Bing plan. Presumably they visualized what has since come to pass—namely, as one local paper put it recently, "hundreds of thousands of American dollars parading down Princes Street" (the Fifth Avenue of Edinburgh) looking for hospitable merchants.

They needn't look very hard, for the merchants on Princes, and George, and all the other main streets, have no particular astigmatism where American dollars are concerned. But those in charge of housing the persons bearing the dollars are more apt to be near- than far-sighted. I had ample assurance on my first visit to Edinburgh that the lack of hotel space would be atoned for by "private" lodgings I would "certainly" like. In good faith I proceeded to find that a) The lodgings were in a fourth floor walk-up lacking telephone (hardly suitable for the conduct of journalistic business); b) The apartment-lessor had never had a sharing guest before and didn't even own a coat-hanger; c) The location was twenty minutes' taxi ride (when you could find one) from the center of town.

These may seem trivial considerations for those fired by an ideal—namely, the uplift of the esthetic experience that has led them to the long journey. But, I assure you, those who are cashing the American Express checks at the local bank are not much concerned with esthetics, and even less with the notions of any ideals that have compelled the journey.

Largely speaking, the most irking thing to be encountered on a round of European travel (especially where it involves festivals) is "Oh you Americans—you are spoiled . . . you want a bath in every room, and room service for breakfast." Somehow or other, the funny part is that when you get to a hotel in Salzburg, Munich, or Aix where there are a *few* rooms with baths, and somebody *else* is getting the service you crave—it is a European who is absorbing the comforts supposedly demanded *only* by Americans. I don't mind waiting a turn, or being deprived, but I resent the notion that what I want is evil when it is a sign of fastidiousness in somebody else.

The next most irking thing (and I cheerfully assign first place to it, if there is sufficient reader support) is the statement: "Well, of course, we

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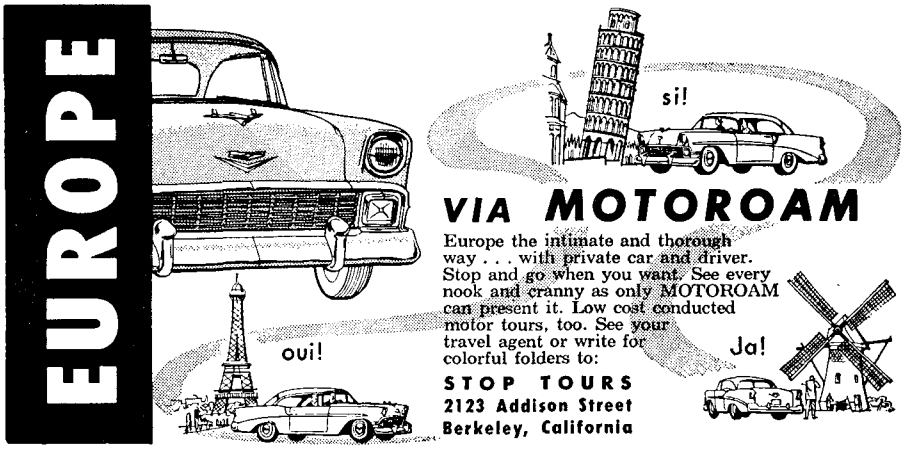

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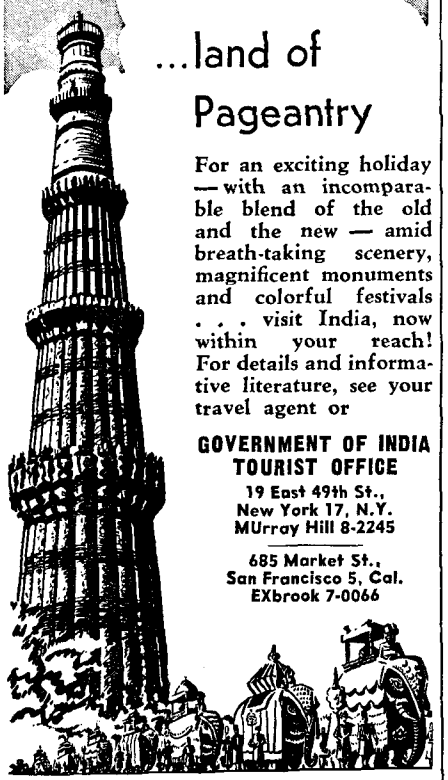

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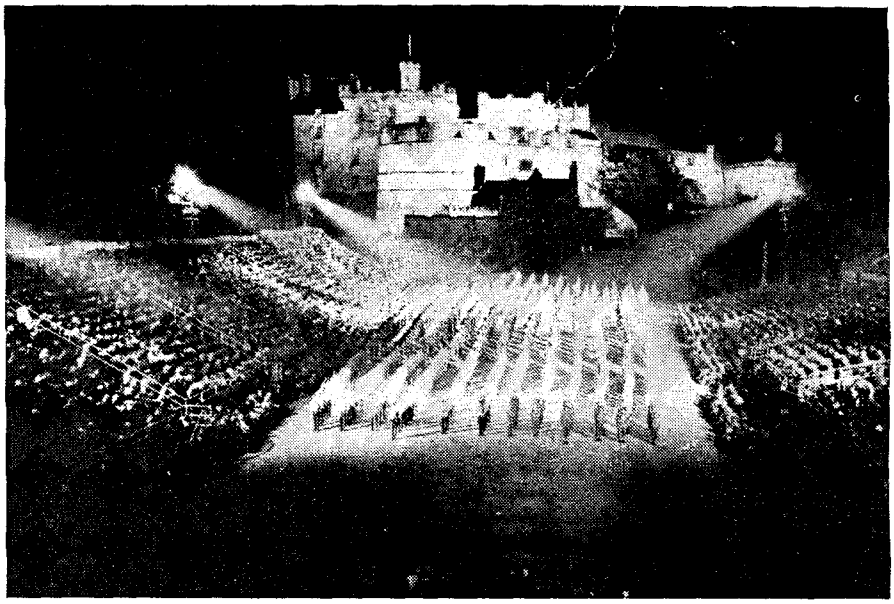

—British Travel Association.

The Searchlight Tattoo at Edinburgh Castle.

don't have enough space for visitors in festival time, because if we put up more hotels they would be empty the other months in the year." I have heard this in as many cities as there are festivals, and I have always had the inward reaction: "Why the devil put out lures for visitors if you haven't got the space to take care of them?" This, of course, smacks of a device Europeans deplore in Americans—with us it is called opportunism, with them it is merely "prudence."

If anything that has been said in the preceding paragraphs has a meaning, it should be this: Don't go anyplace unless you know just where you are going to be when you get there. Take nothing for granted, especially where reservations are concerned (on a recent trip to Paris a baffled concierge found himself unable to reconcile a confirming cable for rooms in June with a fully-booked hotel, until he looked up *back* reservations and said happily, "So that is why you didn't come in May").

If on the basis of several recent trips embracing the area from Finland on the North to Aix-en-Provence on the South and the Edinburgh-Vienna axis in between, I have any wish to express or hope to have realized, it would be this: Please, SAS, put up a hotel-restaurant in Stockholm: please, KLM, give us your service on the ground in Amsterdam as well as in the air; what we wouldn't give, BOAC, for a BOAC hostelry around Grosvenor Square!

Altogether, in what has been called the Golden Decade of Travel, the pride of performance has been much more with the carriers than with those for whom they have carried. The traveler, in transit, has one kind of consideration and esteem, quite another at the end where he is received. He is, in short, a priority baggage when he presents his handsomely inscribed ticket at the appropriate window at the airport or ship dock, but more than likely to be regarded as excess when he arrives at his destination.

All this may seem in the realm of the academic for those who are currently reaping the harvest from our staggering curiosity about foreign things. But there is a menacing cloud hovering about whose implications should be noted. It is the gathering accumulation of musical events, during the festival season, in America. If the Europeans persist in making travel to their festivals as irksome and uncertain as it has become, Americans may be forced to discover their own assets again. Then the travel cycle, as it affects the arts, will have come full circle.

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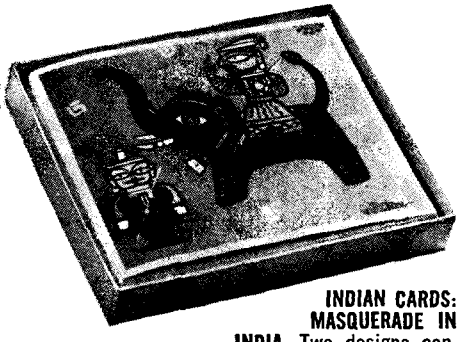

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   a. Original mounted color *transparencies* must be submitted (preferably mounted in metal or cardboard, not glass).
   b. Color prints are not eligible.
   c. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and should be written directly on each mount.
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   e. Transparencies not awarded prizes will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage.
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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

O'Neill and Faulkner via the Abroad Way

WHILE it is not correct to say that Nobel-prizewinners Eugene O'Neill and William Faulkner are unappreciated in their own country, there may be some significance in the fact that Stockholm and Paris have as their biggest theatrical successes "Long Day's Journey Into Night" and "Requiem for a Nun," neither of which have yet been seen in America. O'Neill's play, on which we must reserve full discussion until its New York opening next month, is like so many other O'Neill plays a work of desperation, a work in which a family of four modeled after his own seeks some kind of peace in a life where every human contact leads to misery and indictment. The text abounds with old arguments hashed, rehashed, and re-rehashed.

But the Swedish theatre turns out to be the ideal collaborator for O'Neill. Not only does it have audiences who go to the theatre with an eagerness to give themselves to any sincere and intensive exploration of human emotional crisis, but the lilting rhythm of the Swedish language gives the play a movement and a music that it sometimes lacks in English. Each of the arguments thus acquires the rhythm of a point in a tennis match, and indeed expletive sounds have been inserted at appropriate times in order to keep the ball in play. Also, because the Swedes tend to be less ashamed of deep emotion than we are, they get great dramatic intensity into the play's countless reconciliations.

In young Bengt Ekerot's production the long day sets out in a fairly sunny mood with squabbles trivial enough to be patched up easily. But as the play progresses into night the family battles become more soul-shaking and the reconciliations more desperate until a final state of complete self-revelation is achieved.

The Swedish cast is gilt-edged. Lars Hanson is naturally red-faced, which underlines the block-headed irateness of the Irish father. Mr. Hanson, Sweden's greatest actor, gets all the playful comedy out of scenes where he can pantomime dealing of cards, pouring whiskey, or niggardly turning on three light bulbs with the exaggerated abandon of a playboy millionaire. And unforgettable is the moment in which he recites a line of Shakespeare with the futile stock gestures of an old-fashioned actor. Yet his frequent participations in the game of humor somehow do not lessen our sense of terror in the scenes where this pitiable self-centered old man must bellow in true rage. Here Mr. Hanson is Lear in a worn bathrobe.

As the mother Inga Tidblad has a nicely contrasting frailty that reminds one of Lillian Gish. She also has a thoroughbred's quickness, and when she craves narcotics her hands move uncontrollably about the arms of her chair like frantic animals trying vainly to escape a trap. As the play moves on we see this old lady retrogress into a child as she drifts away from the shabby existence around her into a drug-inspired peace.

Karl Julle plays the young consumptive son with thoughtfulness and restraint, but this does not prevent him from bursting at times into emotion. Utterly theatrical yet believable is the anguished shriek he utters as he furiously smashes his drunken brother in the face for jokingly referring to his drugged mother as "the mad Ophelia." Ulf Palme, who plays the alcoholic whoring brother, also holds his fire until his last act crying-jag, which he plays all out.

In short, director Bengt Ekerot has given this long play an audacious and lively production through the unabashed use of theatrical artifice. But the whole business is kept convincing by the completeness of characterization and concentration of his actors which holds Swedish audiences in a state of high tension for four nervescraping hours.

"REQUIEM for a Nun" is a work that has also benefited by being put into a foreign language. One of France's leading authors, Albert Camus, has gone back to Faulkner's novel to fashion its details into what he sees as a modern tragedy. In it we see the play's central figure, Temple Stevens, purged and seared by her bout with the compulsive force of evil until she is wrung dry of mortal longings. Awareness of the truth about our modern selves does not lead to faith and glory. It makes us wretched and only compensates by giving us stability and peace. As written with constant awareness of the larger issues involved in the smaller actions by M. Camus, and as acted with a haunted burning intensity by young Catherine Sellers, the Faulkner story emerges as a cauterizing theatre experience. —HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

On and Under the Sea

TWO RECENT pictures from England suggest that the British film makers, despite all their current efforts to out-Hollywood Hollywood, have not forgotten entirely how to make those fresh, individual, and unmistakably British comedies that first found favor in this country about ten years ago. **"Wee Geordie"** (Arthur), a genial fable that leaps from the Scottish Highlands to the forthcoming Melbourne Olympics and back again with urbane wit and grace, might be described as sophisticatedly bucolic. Indeed, its hero, neatly played by Bill Travers, is a kind of kilted Li'l Abner, a none-too-bright young giant who would rather throw the hammer than pitch the woo. Even the blandishments of a Danish Valkyrie, herself a shot-put champion, fail to take his mind off his muscle tone. Inevitably, a Highland lassie does manage to capture him, but not too soon to spoil the fun.

And the fun, for a change, lies less in the verbal play of crackling witticisms than in sly and subtle sight gags. Wee Geordie, for example, is first seen as the puny, undersized butt of all his schoolmates. Then he comes across one of those ads that begins, "I can build muscles for you," sends off his pennies and a dissolve or two later has developed into a veritable colossus—a transformation suggested by the forest of beams now shoring up Geordie's fragile home. The British eccentrics are out in full force again, from the slightly daft Scottish laird to the prim and fussy civil servant. The comedy falters a bit when the Danish lady begins thrusting herself on the simple Geordie, an artifice of plot that almost seems to have been grafted onto the picture from another film. But she is quickly disposed of, along with the Olympic Games, and the cameras return to the bracing air and the soft purple heather of the Highlands for a finale that strikes just the right note.

* * *

Another off-beat film of great charm and rare physical beauty is **"The Brave One"** (RKO), a story of Mexico and the bullring. It is a simple tale of a peasant boy whose pet calf grows into a prize bull destined for a Sunday afternoon *corrida* in Mexico City. Little Leonardo is both proud and fearful—proud that at the testing of the two-year-olds his Gitano was the bravest of them all, and at the same time neither willing nor quite able to admit to himself that in another two years his dearest possession must die in the ring. There is an awkward attempt to parallel the growth of the bull with the career of the matador who will fight him one day, much as Tom Lea did in "The Brave Bulls." But for the most part the film sticks close to the bull and the boy as they work and play together against shimmering vistas of yellow plains rimmed by snow-peaked mountains. The CinemaScope photography is by Jack Cardiff, the Englishman responsible for the camerawork in "War and Peace"; and once again he proves that he is perhaps the greatest color cameraman in the world, whether capturing the rolling cloud formations over a shadowed valley, the green parks and bustling streets of Mexico City, or the gaudy spectacle of a major bullfight. Michel Ray, an English boy, is extremely effective as the little Mexican. Fermin Rivera, one of Mexico's leading matadors, lends authenticity to the scenes in the ring. And while the climax may put a slight strain upon one's credulity, the producers have attempted to forestall this by providing the press with translations of a newspaper clipping indicating that in 1936 the patrons of the bullring in Barcelona helped bring about just such a happy ending in real life.

* * *

I am afraid that I must file a minority report on Jacques-Yves Cousteau's **"The Silent World"** (Columbia), a beautiful and often diverting camera exploration of the murky world beneath the waves. Cousteau, who invented the aqualung and is himself one of its most ardent exponents, here reveals the incredible colorations of submarine life in all its forms, proves that it is possible to make friends with fish, and has recorded a particularly gruesome attack by sharks on a dying whale. But one searches in vain in this film for the magic, the poetry, the philosophy that were in Cousteau's extraordinary book of the same title. This is a good show, not a soaring, stirring introduction to the sea. Indeed, the scientific aspects of the *Calypso*'s expeditions are merely mentioned at the outset of the film. The result is a documentary that, for all its fantastic imagery, seems formless, repetitious and purposeless.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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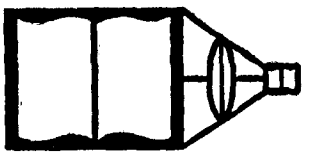

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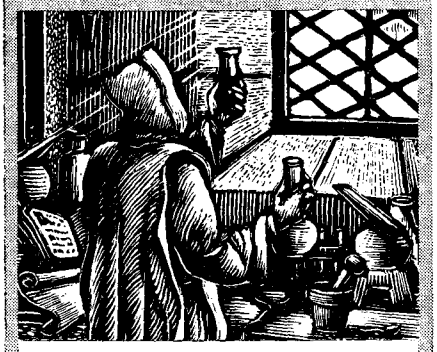

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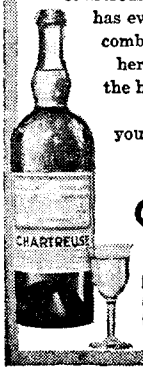

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Workshop in Cleveland, Novelties in the Museum

CLEVELAND.

THE pleasant vicinity of Wade Park, which comprises one of America's most concentrated centers of intellectual endeavor, had more than a normal share of ferment in the week that saw the beginning of another symphony season in Severance Hall. Visitors going to and from the workshop sessions of the American Symphony League could admire the just completed home of the Cleveland Institute of Art, case the new premises of Case Institute (aerodynamics, among other things), and observe the area where Western Reserve is about to build a Newton D. Baker Memorial Hall.

Though it is usually considered task enough for a conductor to prime his orchestra for the beginning of a season, George Szell was generosity itself in aiding another in the series of seminars for "community orchestra" conductors initiated three years ago. On that occasion it was Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra which responded to the appeal of Mrs. Helen Thompson of Charleston, West Virginia, the enterprising executive secretary of the League. For those whose communities do not have community orchestras, it may be explained that they are sub-professional, though often including some professional players along with those largely amateur. The number of them (over 200) is fairly staggering, the opportunities for their conductors to obtain critical guidance rather limited.

Indeed, it is a rather sought-after privilege for the dozen or so who are chosen each year from the much larger number of applicants. It may not, at the moment it is happening, be an unmitigated pleasure to have the X-ray eye of Szell directed upon one's management of the baton in the view of half a hundred people seated in a concert hall of an October afternoon, but it is a certainty that the November, December, and January evenings back home will be better for it.

As one who attended (and reported in these pages) the first exploratory session in Philadelphia, it was interesting to observe the refinements in practicality and purpose which have crept into the procedures. Then a young musician was put in front of the Philadelphia Orchestra, and while he melted with delight at the sounds that came forth, was called upon to "correct" the virtuoso performance of Wagner's "Meistersinger" overture or a movement of Dvorak's "New World." After a while the word was passed for the orchestra to please make some "mistakes," but even then it would have been a brash young man who would have taken such players to task.

This time, however, the workshopper himself was under scrutiny as he worked at a tough problem in practical direction—to give the correct entrances and indicate the suitable tempo changes in a prolonged recitative between Tamino and Sorastro in Mozart's "Magic Flute." Meanwhile, Szell (a crisp master of this manner) stood by, counselled "too slow" when the baton failed to fall at the right moment, said: "it's the upbeat that counts, not the downbeat" at another crucial point, and every so often took the stick for an object lesson. "Here," he finally called out, "you can hold it as long as you want," brandishing the hand with the stick in it over the orchestra. And, in truth, *his* players did not dare release the chord before he swung the arm down, even though the hold was so exaggerated the oboe player had to take an extra breath. A similar problem in flexibility from the scherzo of Schumann's "Spring" Symphony was also worked over.

AS HIS contribution to the pleasures of the visitors as well as the orchestra's subscribers, Szell's concert program provided a demonstration of the present excellence of the Cleveland Orchestra, also a first hearing in America of a "Concertino" by Franco Donatoni. Not yet thirty, the little known Italian's score commended itself

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for the aptitude with which he uses an uncommon assemblage of instruments—strings, horns, trumpets, and trombones in pairs, and a quartet of pedal tympani. These modern counterparts of the old handtuned percussion instruments are provided with pedals to provide instantaneous changes of pitch, also a gliding chromatic effect which soon became Donatoni's pre-occupation. However, the musical design is otherwise sound and such derivations (from Bartok particularly) as the work possesses are embedded in a considerable lode of solid talent.

Szell's rather curiously made program began with Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture, proceeded with Donatoni and presented Ravel's "La Valse" before the intermission, and the Brahms Fourth Symphony after. The neatness, integration, and discipline of the playing was first-class throughout, but the succession of climaxes inclined, after a while, to the anti-climactic. But an orchestra that can render the kind of explicit "La Valse" that Szell commanded, or the tightly-knit playing of the Fourth Brahms, must be rated one of the country's best. At the same time, allowing for all the razorsharp articulation, there was something stiff and unbending in both—that something, of course, being Szell himself. Perhaps if he didn't undertake to keep as close command of himself as he does of his players the results would have more flexibility and charm—that "something" of which J. M. Barrie's Maggie said, in effect, if you have it, you don't need much else, and if you haven't, not much else will help. It applies to music no less than other manifestations of males and females.

This program, as well as one preceding it by the Juilliard String Quartet, served a double purpose, for the workshop principle has been extended to include music critics around the country whose professional status is roughly akin to that of the "community orchestra" conductors. Iowa, British Columbia, Ontario, South Carolina, and Kentucky were among the geographical locales represented. The visitors were invited to write pieces about the programs which were then subject—under blanket anonymity—to what the jazz people call "woodshedding." That is, panel discussions in which Miles Kastendieck of the *New York Journal American*, Paul Henry Lang of the *New York Herald Tribune*, Harold Schoenberg of *The New York Times*, and myself participated. In one of the sessions, discussion grew decidedly animated after a while, and the independent-minded members of the non-New York press did not hesitate to disagree with their metropolitan colleagues. If anything, this merely proved that be he ever so humble there is nothing a critic cherishes so much as his own opinion.

As a longtime champion of the new and challenging, Leopold Stokowski was in proper perspective as conductor of a program, under the sponsorship of the Fromm Music Foundation, which opened New York's serious music-making for the winter with unfamiliar scores by Bernhard Heiden, Bohuslav Martinu, Robert Helps, and Leon Kirchner. As one of the most knowing of musicians where acoustic problems are concerned, it was surprising to find Stokowski undertaking such a program with some sixty members of the Symphony of the Air in the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, with its limited area and particularly its highlighting, reflecting surfaces. Good pictures can be badly hung, and this was a prime specimen of the equivalent in the aural sphere.

The most consequential of the pieces was Bohuslav Martinu's "Incantation," also described as his Piano Concerto No. 4, in which Rudolf Firkusny was the absorbing soloist. I think, rightly or wrongly, of Martinu as an introspective, deeply motivated composer, a judgment difficult to reconcile with the boisterous-sounding, effectful (rather than merely effectual) score heard from Firkusny and Stokowski. I grant it strength and purpose, but I wouldn't answer for its intellectual pretensions until the clatter of sound can be heard in more suitable surroundings.

The evening began with Bernhard Heiden's "Memorial," which testified to this Frankfurt-born composer's affinity with Paul Hindemith, whether one could read the attribution in the program notes or not. It builds with well-formed musical blocks in a pattern, unfortunately, all too familiar. An adagio of Robert Helps and a Toccata by Leon Kirchner attested to the developing talents of these younger composers. —Irving Kolodin.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Lady Anne; Richard, Duke of Gloucester, later Richard III; Shakespeare, "King Richard III." 2. Philip Carey; Mildred Rogers; Somerset Maugham, "Of Human Bondage." 3. Roberta Alden; Clyde Griffiths; Theodore Dreiser, "An American Tragedy." 4. Henry Esmond; Rachel Esmond; William Makepeace Thackeray, "Henry Esmond." 5. Penelope; Homer, *The Odyssey*. 6. Barkis; Clara Peggotty; Charles Dickens, "David Copperfield." 7. Moll Flanders; Daniel Defoe, "Moll Flanders." 8. Gavin Dishart; Babbie; Sir James M. Barrie, "The Little Minister."

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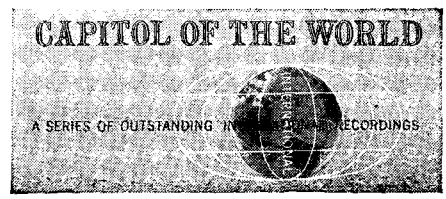

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Books for Young People

THE first international children's book award, named the Hans Christian Andersen Prize, has just been given to "The Little Bookroom," a collection of stories by Eleanor Farjeon, illustrated by Edward Ardizzone, and published by the Oxford University Press first in England, later in the United States. The award was presented in Stockholm on September 15 by Princess Margareta of Sweden, and was accepted by Mr. Ardizzone in Miss Farjeon's absence. Three American books were among the fifteen receiving honorable mention: "Carry on, Mr. Bowditch," by Jean Lee Latham (Houghton Mifflin), "Play with Me," by Marie Hall Ets (Viking) and "Men, Microscopes, and Living Things," by Katherine Shippen (Viking). The selection was made by the International Board on Books for Young People at the International Youth Library, Munich, from books submitted by the various participating countries. The winners and the runners-up of the Caldecott and Newbery awards were sent to represent children's books from the United States.

—"Shoe the Wild Mare."

Another honor to Andersen was signalized on September 18 when an outdoor storytelling center and statue were dedicated in New York City's Central Park. The Danish American Women's Association sponsored this memorial, and the school children of Denmark and New York City raised the funds for it. Stories will be told there each Saturday morning during good weather by the children's librarians of The New York Public Library.

Reviewers for this issue: Marjorie Halderman, Supervisor, Public School Libraries and Librarian, Senior High School, Astoria, Ore.; Alice Lohrer, Assistant Professor, Library School, University of Illinois; Elizabeth Nesbitt, Associate Dean, Library School, Carnegie Institute of Technology; and Lucile Raley, Consultant in Library Services, Waco, Tex., Independent School District.

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN, *Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.*

TINA AND THE TOO-BIG DOLL. *By Neil Anderson. Illustrated by Mary Catherine Wiggins. Crowell.* $2.50. This is a sweet, easy-to-read story, especially appropriate for little girls five to nine years of age. Boys also will be interested, for the story has a real plot with characters taken from an entire family group, plus a saleslady, a dog, a teacher, boys and girls at school, and, of course, Merry, the too-big doll.

—"Nellie Bly."

Numerous bold illustrations throughout the book are well done in black-and-white, gay blue and red.

—LUCILE W. RALEY.

CURLY. *By Janet Rogers Howe. Illustrated by George Bobrizky. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* $2.50. Curly, an ordinary, but intelligent little mongrel, will walk right into the hearts of boys and girls in the elementary age bracket. His story is filled with hate, love, and suspense brought on by heartaches, loneliness, competition with blue-ribbon poodles and other pedigreed dogs, just as one would find in a story of human characters. Curly's adventures and a happy ending will fascinate young readers.

The artist's clever, well-done black-and-white drawings add interest, understanding, and action to the well-written story. —L. W. R.

NELLIE BLY. *By Nina Brown Baker. Illustrated by George Fulton. Holt.* $2.50. Remembered today for her trip around the world in less than eighty days, Elizabeth Cochrane, crusading reporter in the late nineteenth century, spent her early life in discovering and presenting to the readers of the old *New York World* shocking conditions then existing in prisons, insane asylums, slums, and factories. Through her imaginative schemes and compelling reporting of them Nellie Bly, the name under which she wrote, became famous throughout the world, and the world owes a great debt to her as a reformer.

The author, an accomplished writer, does justice to this remarkable and fascinating woman, and the attractive illustrations by George Fulton take the reader back to the days of Nellie's triumphs. —MARJORIE HALDERMAN.

MOZART. *By Manuel Komroff. Decorations by Warren Chappell. Knopf.* $3. This authoritative biography, written for young people, reads like a fine novel. Its pages are heavy with the disappointments in love and in musical patronage of this young genius and his struggles against ill-health, poverty, and heartaches. Any reader, be he a professional musician or a lover of music, will be held spellbound by the undaunted courage and God-given talent of Mozart.

Black-and-white, intricate, detailed line drawings by a distinguished artist are worthy textual contributions. Sixteen famous Mozart photographs are especially valuable. —L. W. R.

SEE THE CIRCUS. *By Hans A. Rey. Houghton, Mifflin.* $1. Mr. Rey has made another of his small trick books for the little children. Each brightly colored page has a flap that opens to show what happens next in a series of circus attractions. This device and an accompanying rhyme create the kind of suspense that young children enjoy. The paper cover may be a problem in some libraries, but makes a light, easy-to-hold book for small hands.

—F. L. S.

LITTLE PEAR AND THE RABBITS. *By Eleanor Frances Lattimore. Morrow.* $2.50. Little Pear seems to have lost some of his charm and spontaneity in the twenty-five years since he first appeared. Or it may be that the episodic nature of the present book is more apparent, with a consequent unevenness of interest in the several chapters. This does not constitute severe criticism. The stories still have, for small children, appeal of incident, humor, and a genuinely child-like quality. But the same pattern cannot be used too often without becoming a mere copy. —ELIZABETH NESBITT.

ADVENTURES OF ESTEBAN. *By Marguerite Butterfield. Illustrated by Enrico Arno. Scribner.* $2.50. In a mountain village of the island of Majorca just

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off the Eastern coast of Spain lived a little boy, his dog, and his pet goat, capricious Nanina. Here is another adventure story told simply for the younger reader who will follow with interest the many humorous escapades of the goat Nanina and her little master. The spirited black-and-orange drawings of the artist Enrico Arno add greatly to the charm of the story.
—ALICE LOHRER.

SALLY SAUCER. *By Edna S. Weiss. Illustrated by Helen Stone. Houghton Mifflin.* $2.50. Lonesome days on a New England farm end for Sally Saucer when her ten-year-old cousin, Penelope Wiggin, arrives from the city to live with Grandma Saucer. Adventures at school and on the farm, Christmas surprises, and a sugaring-off party fill in the days for these happy, lively girls. The story is told with simplicity and charm and shows an understanding of ten-year-old behavior and growing sense of responsibility. It will be read with ease and pleasure by the average reader in the fourth and fifth grades. —A. L.

—"Sally Saucer."

BLOW, BUGLES, BLOW. *By Merritt Parmelee Allen. Decorations by Alan Moyler. Longmans, Green.* $3. The Civil War comes alive in the pages of this exciting adventure story about Rick O'Shay, a neglected orphan farmboy of the Mohawk Valley. How Rick found himself while serving under General Sheridan, amidst all the horrors of war, grips the reader's interest from beginning to end of the story. Reward for honesty, respect for authority, and patriotic zeal are qualities of character skilfully woven into Rick's being. These qualities, coupled with a love of horses, won for him two lasting friendships.

Detailed black-and-white line illustrations and decorative symbols done by Alan Moyler accurately interpret the story. —L. W. R.

PLANTS THAT FEED US: The Story of Grains and Vegetables. *By Carroll Lane Fenton and Herminie B. Kitchen. Illustrated by Carroll Lane Fenton. John Day.* $2.75. In line with the many excellent factual and scientific books for the younger reader, Carroll Fenton and Herminie Kitchen have written a simple story of grains and vegetables that feed the world. Each short chapter discusses a vegetable or grain family, tells when and where the plant first grew and was cultivated, and how it spread throughout the world. It gives concise answers to questions children often ask about plants that feed us. The excellent black-and-white illustrations and three pictorial maps are similar to those found in other outstanding books by Carroll Fenton. —A. L.

WORLDS WITHOUT END. *By Isabel Barclay. Illustrated maps by Rafael Palacios. Doubleday.* $3.95. Interwoven into thirty-two exciting tales of exploration from early days to the present are the human interest stories of the great men who braved ridicule, unknown terrors, and hardships to bring knowledge and riches to the known world. The author skilfully leads the teen-age reader through pages of history, geography, and biography.

The decorative maps of Rafael Palacios add greatly to an understanding of the sources chosen and followed by the famous Egyptian, Phoenecian, Chinese, European, and American explorers of the last four thousand years. This book will add greatly to a home, school, or public library collection. —A. L.

SHOE THE WILD MARE. *By Edmund Gilligan. Illustrated by Richard Bennett. Knopf.* $2.50. This is a beautifully written story about a boy's stallion which must be sent by the Canadian Government to grim and wreck-strewn Sable Island in the North Atlantic to strengthen the breed of wild horses roaming the island in bands. It is from these bands that the lighthousekeepers obtained animals to train for hauling fuel and supplies. The boy, Daniel, accompanies his highly sensitive pure-bred animal to the island and there he realizes that his beloved horse will eventually die under the murderous hoofs of the island stallions. Daniel must contrive a way to save his horse.

The scenes and events on the island are described realistically and vigorously by the author, who uses his first-hand knowledge of the region effectively. —M. H.

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Fiction

Continued from page 18

three weeks of his annual vacation. During a brief South American revolution he discovers how helpless the average mid-twentieth-century man is when he is suddenly bereft of his human and mechanical servants. At the threshold of the jungle his mistress dwindles as a significant person before his eyes, until she becomes meaningless to him. She returns to the civilization to which she belongs. He pushes on into the jungle, with another woman.

What he learns from this woman and from the Indians among whom he comes to live—who are separated from the world he has left, not only by miles, but by tens of centuries—is what Alejo Carpentier has to tell us. It is a message of importance, conveyed to us by a narrative, by images and thoughts that are charged with imagination and alive with intelligence. The author's jungle pictures are masterpieces of evocation, he is as at home with the mysteries of the flesh as with those of the spirit, his comparison of primitive truth with civilized falsehood is devastating in its implications, his skill in construction may well owe something to his discipline in musical forms, and the furniture of his mind makes it easy to believe that he has taught the history of culture as well as the history of music.

Harriet de Onís's translation is a stylistic triumph.

SMALL-TOWN LIVES: **"Blue River"** (Macmillan, $2.75) takes its name from the fictitious Southern town that serves as a background for a group of sixteen short stories by a talented new Southern writer, Betsy Hopkins Lochridge. Like many other fictitious Southern towns, Mrs. Lochridge's Blue River has its quota of decaying antebellum houses, its mill, and its Negro section known as "the Hollows." It also, as might be anticipated, has its quota of neurotic inhabitants, although to label them as such is probably not entirely just. For Mrs. Lochridge is concerned in her book with the over-all problem of evil which stems as much from man's neglect of man as it does from the jealousies, frustrations, guilts, and racial hatreds which drive her characters to their unwholesome fates. There are the Lewis sisters, a trio of octogenarians who have been widowed so long that everyone in Blue River has forgotten their married names. Their survival is centered around Claudie, the young colored girl who acts as their maid, cook, and nurse. No longer able to endure the petulant jealousies and blatant insults of the old ladies Claudie vanishes one evening during a dinner party. There is also Rebecca Borosky, a mannish, grotesque-looking doctor whose desperate frustration leads her to make a prisoner of Tom Randall, her dypsomaniac patient. When Randall slits his wrists Rebecca, in effect, dies with him. There is the Reverend Hilary Arnold, guilt-ridden because he has never been able to love anyone, whose frenetic attempts to help the poor and sick of his parish lead only to their further misfortune. And there is Will Davis, the young Negro boy who, after learning that no one race is better than another, questions the inequality he suffers. When Will is told that "there are things a man must accept be they right or wrong" and urged to call on the help of the Lord, he has a religious experience and tries to join the church only to find that this, too, is denied because of his color. After an abortive attempt to murder the white clergyman Will is hanged.

Although Mrs. Lochridge has looked into her victims' faces with courage and skill, she has not succeeded in looking into their hearts. Perhaps this will come in future stories. In the meanwhile she should, with "Blue River," take credit for grappling with a theme that transcends the merely neurotic. —E. P. Monroe.

LOVE AMONG THE SAVAGES: Charles Mercer's adventure-romance **"Rachel Cade"** (Putnam, $3.95) is all about a beautiful missionary nurse, a year or two on the wrong side of thirty but well preserved, whose misfortune it is to be assigned to Dibela, one of the most remote and backward of Central African native villages.

Rachel has problems. The missionary at Dibela, a Dr. Bickel, has died on the day of Rachel's arrival; she is all alone among natives indifferent to both Christianity and white man's medicine. Then there is the curse cast by the local medicine men against whites who try to climb the Mountains of the Moon; Rachel has to make the climb in the hope of dispelling the superstition. Rachel's third problem—and the most fully developed of the lot—is sex. She has been averse to it (a nasty experience in her childhood). Sexy Dr. Paul Wilton arrives, the sole survivor of an airplane crash. He doesn't think much of missionary work, but on the other hand, he is a skilful surgeon. Dibela needs a surgeon; Rachel can think of only one way to persuade the doctor to stay over long enough to perform several urgently needed operations.

Rachel does not tell Dr. Wilton when she becomes pregnant. He leaves to go back to the war with a feeble promise to marry Rachel after the peace, and she gets a fake marriage certificate. The stage is set for the arrival of the second man in the triangle, the Reverend Caleb Aldrich, coming to replace the late Dr. Bickel. Aldrich is the very antithesis of Wilton. Besides, he is confused by the trumped-up story of her being Mrs. Wilton (which is lent verisimilitude, goodness knows, by the presence of little Paul, Jr.). Rachel finally makes her choice between the surgeon and the preacher; it would be un-Christian to tell which she picks, for, as in a murder mystery, there is not a great deal of point to the whole thing apart from its denouement.

Despite its absurdities the book has considerable narrative interest. Rachel proceeds from the unbelievable to the incredible with marvelous composure. And since escape is surely the purpose of escape fiction, the total absence of reality can hardly be counted as a fault.

—Bruce Bliven, Jr.

JUSTICE BY THE RHONE: The hero of Pierre Boulle's newest novel, **"Face of a Hero"** (translated by Xan Fielding; Vanguard, $3.50), is a public prosecutor, the descendant of a long line of eminent jurists whose moral obstinacy and strong opinions on the inviolability of the bench had been handed down to him as a sort of heirloom. Hardly turned thirty, Jean Berthier is sent to Bergerane, a city in southern France on the banks of the turbulent Rhone, where he is soon caught up in a whirlpool as unexpected and as treacherous as those in the river.

The abandoned bicycle of seventeen-year-old Solange Grenier is found not far from the swirling river. A fortnight later the girl's bruised body is discovered in one of its eddies. With savage irony and an ingenuity at times bordering on the diabolical, the author shows the ineluctable march of events which causes the youthful magistrate to demand the death penalty for the accused whom he alone knows to be innocent.

Both in fact and fiction the past has offered many instances where man-made justice has gone astray. In the present instance the novelist may be charged with having built up a situation to monstrous proportions as he lays bare juridical delusion in particular and human fallibility in general.

Pierre Boulle, the author of that remarkable tale of war "The Bridge Over the River Kwai," is a writer of keen intelligence, and his approach to plot and character is

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carefully reasoned. "Face of a Hero" should have a peculiar fascination for the analytically minded reader as well as for the lover of paradox.

—OTIS FELLOWS.

CREATOR OF A NATION: Maurice Druon's new, short, and highly readable novel **"The Iron King"** (translated by Humphrey Hare; Scribner, $3.50), is almost a factual relation of the latter years of Philip the Fair, who was perhaps France's most important medieval king. It is even more nearly the history of that country in the early years of the fourteenth century. The book deserves to be regarded as such, for while I suspect that some of its happenings have been manipulated in the interests of the drama, I am certain that it conforms to the broad outlines of what happened. In the large sense, I am convinced, it is accurate.

Basically it is the story of the penalties that a man or a nation has to pay for greatness. Although Louis XI had to do it all over again a century later (the King of France having become the "King of Bourges" in the meantime), Philip was actually the first monarch to create a French nation. But to set up a new order he had to destroy the old one, and this was, and probably had to be, accomplished by revolting cruelties.

Most of "The Iron King" is devoted to these cruelties and to their effect upon Philip and upon France. They are devastatingly set down. Whether it be the fires on the Island of Jews that finally consume the magnificent defiance of the Grand Master of the Templars, or the torture chambers at the Castle of Pointoise where the two handsome, foolish d'Aunay brothers are "persuaded" to confess their relations with the adulterous princesses, you can see, smell, and shudder at it all. You were actually there. Whether it was the good-looking, cold-blooded King of France, or Tolomei, the Lombard banker who kept one eye closed, or anyone else, the characters are vivid.

The book ends with Philip's death, the apparent final consequence of the Templar's dying curse. But the story is not then completed, and one does not need the author's final statement to realize that it will be continued further, its subject being a dynasty and not a man.

—THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB.

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—JANE VOILES.

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What Doctor for the Brain?

Continued from page 15

sional Psychology, incorporated 1947, is a "clinical" or "counseling" or "industrial" psychologist who has spent at least five years after attaining his Ph. D. degree in practice of his specialty and has passed the Board's examinations.

Even a partial listing of other fields in which psychologists specialize reads like an excerpt from a Walt Whitman poem: developmental, educational, school; experimental, comparative, and physiological; human engineering, personnel, personality; quantitative, social. To add to the complexity, "experimental research" may be "applied," as in "testing and measurement" or "child guidance"—or it may be "theoretical," as in "studies of child and adolescent" or "structure of personality."

This broad and intricate fanning out of psychology from its original base is a logical outcome of changing concepts and new findings. Originally the subject matter of the science was considered to be consciousness and the brain's relation to it. But since consciousness can be only inferred by an investigator, while behavior can be observed, twentieth-century psychologists shifted their emphasis to behavior. From the study of behavior to the application of discoveries about it was a natural transition.

Meanwhile, the shape of psychiatry had been changing too. Until the beginning of this century psychiatrists' work had been limited to the immediate care of the mentally ill and with refining the classification and description of their disorders. During the early 1900s the concept of psychobiology—that is, the interrelation, interaction, and inseparability of body and mind—brought fresh thinking and a more positive approach. Mental illness was no longer regarded as a detached phenomenon, but as an integral part of a human organism to be treated as a whole. Chemotherapy, especially in the form of the new tranquilizing drugs, is among the most recent triumphs of psychobiology; fever therapy to arrest paresis, and surgery to remove brain tumors, long preceded it.

Then Freud and his psychoanalysis and his concept of unconscious motivation as the clue to human behavior burst upon the United States about 1910! Both professions were shaken by the new ideas; neither was uprooted. Without having to scrap the solid bodies of empirical and experimental knowledge they had respectively accumlated over the years both psychiatrists and psychologists increasingly embraced psychotherapy as their own. To psychiatrists it was an addition to their armamentarium of remedies. To psychologists it was application of new knowledge of behavior. Like some psychiatrists, some of them became psychoanalysts.

Corollary trends, over the past few decades, have also gradually been drawing together portions of the two APAs' spheres; psychiatry has been moving into the normal, psychology into the abnormal. Beginning in the 1920s men and women who had no delusions, no hallucinations to make them commitable to mental hospitals, began to flock to psychiatrists—especially psychoanalysts — to get "straightened out," to be freed of neurotic symptoms, to function better and to live more happily. About the same time other men and women faced with career choices or marital malaise began going to various centers to get vocational guidance and marriage counseling from psychologists (neither profession ever *advises*). Some of them, like psychiatrists' patients, were maladjusted, some neurotic, some indeed likely to be psychotic.

During the past few years, especially, both psychiatrists and psychologists have been increasingly called upon in popular media to elucidate and pontificate upon all human problems of personality and adjustment. Furthermore, the Freudian emphasis on the importance of early childhood experiences, together with the growing emphasis of all medicine on prevention, have brought psychiatrists out of institutions into public-health service and community clinics to deal with people in at least relatively good mental health. Simultaneously there has been an inflow of psychologists into institutions and clinics for the mentally ill. The special skills required for testing not only learning capacity and sensory reactions but also attitudes and feelings are theirs, and their findings are vital in giving the complete diagnostic picture.

There is no breakdown available on how many of the 3,000 such "clinical" psychologists of the nation do research or testing only and how many are also or exclusively psychotherapists. In any case, at an agency or institution, nearly always the psychologist is part of the "clinical team" headed by a psychiatrist. If in addition to the diagnostic evaluation for which he is especially and usually exclusively qualified, he is also qualified to give psychotherapy and has the time for it, he does so under the psychiatrist's supervision and everyone is happy. As there are no Pentagon-type disputes in the heat of battle about who does what, neither are there when everyone involved is busily bent on helping the patient to get well.

But the handful of psychologists in independent private practice of psychotherapy—probably not more than 200—is something else. The American Psychiatric Association maintains officially that since psychotherapy is one of the methods of the treatment of "illness that has chiefly mental symptoms" it is "a form of medical treatment." Although Freud, himself a physician, stated that a psychoanalyst need not be a physician, the American Psychoanalytic Association, after having admitted a very few non-medical analysts to membership many years ago, alone among the psychoanalytic associations of the world ever since has been adamant about excluding non-physicians.

The American Psychological Association, more or less officially, denies that psychotherapy is medical treatment when there is no organic cause for a mental disturbance, but although still less officially, takes a dim view of psychologists' engaging in the independent private practice of psychotherapy. Both APAs deplore the existence of innumerable quacks who, posing as experts in the solution of emotional problems, unwarrantedly call themselves psychologists and are the real menace to Joe Doakes's psyche and pocketbook. Today in California, for instance, without legal penalty anyone who can pay $16 can obtain a reasonable facsimile of the American Psychological Association's hard-won diploma in clinical psychology!

Only four states now license psychologists—that is, define their practice, only six others certify them—that is, specify that only certain qualified individuals may call themselves psychologists. For a while the regulation of psychologists by the state was a matter of bitter battle between the two APAs, which differed intricately and widely on how it should be done, but a moratorium has been declared at the national level until proposed legislation that satisfies both can be worked out. Meanwhile, local and state groups occasionally clash over bills introduced into state legislatures.

As regards the general matter of who ought or ought not do psychotherapy, psychologists claim that once a clean bill of health has been given by a physician, a psychologist is equally or more competent than a psychiatrist to deal with disorders of mentation; that their correction is

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more a matter of re-learning, of re-education than of medical treatment. Psychiatrists maintain that no one is qualified to engage in psychotherapy who has not first had a thorough grounding in somatic and psychosomatic ills. During the course of psychoanalytic treatment, they say, any and all kinds of physical symptoms may occur, from a generalized fatigue to acute abdominal pain; to distinguish what is organic from what is psychogenic requires medical training. Psychologists retort that, like psychiatrists who would call in a dermatologist or an internist or what-have-you as a consultant, so would a psychologist. But, say the psychiatrists, only a physician can properly evaluate other physicians' reports.

There is a story, probably apocryphal, that at an American Psychiatric Association meeting a psychiatrist fell on the floor and needed a hypodermic, but so removed were his colleagues from their medical training that they had to call in a general practitioner to give it. To this psychiatrists reply that never mind what they have forgotten about techniques; never mind that, as a psychologist indignantly stated in a psychological journal, delivering babies and examining slides under a microscope have little bearing on psychotherapy. Their years of all-around medical education and experience with patients give them a permeating background—as a one-time familiarity with Latin, although largely forgotten, intangibly enriches vocabulary—and, above all, a unique sense of responsibility for the whole person. Moreover, they point out, in our culture it is "the doctor" to whom one turns when one is sick. But who says everyone whose ideas need changing is sick? the psychologists demand. Only a medical doctor is qualified to say who is sick and who is not, the psychiatrists reply. And so it goes round and round.

Laymen might be less dizzy if semantics were improved. Both professions toss about "adjustment" too loosely, rarely pinpointing adjustment to what. Psychiatry is confusing when it seems to use interchangeably illness and disturbance, mental and emotional. Psychology protests that it does not poach on medicine's preserves, yet some psychologists take over medical words like therapy and patient: its use of guidance, counseling and psychotherapy is a muddle. Theoretically, for instance, Joe Doakes goes for "vocational guidance" to take tests and be advised on what kind of job he ought to take. But suppose Joe's personality is such that he has a chip on his shoulder in any and every job; well, then, he needs "counseling" . . . which, say the psychologists, no one objects to his getting from his family doctor or minister or even from his Aunt Lizzie, so why shouldn't he get it from a psychologist who knows something about what makes him tick? But if Joe is beginning to have paranoid delusions, feels that everyone's agin' him, psychotherapy is indicated. And this brings Joe and us right back to who should do psychotherapy?

The suggestion has been made that there be a new profession, licensed to practice psychodiagnosis and psychotherapy in association with an M.D., after seven to nine years of training under the joint auspices of a medical school and a department of psychology. Although ultimately this may come to pass, by present indications it will not be soon. Meanwhile, Joe's best and safest and latest expensive bet, when he is feeling uncomfortable with himself or someone in his family has become hard to live with, is to go to one of the 1,200 variously called mental hygiene or psychiatric or guidance clinics connected with the out-patient department of a voluntary or tax-supported hospital, the VA, the schools, or a mental-health association, where fees, if any, are adjusted to his means. He may have to go on a waiting list, for about three times more such facilities are needed, but at least he will not fall into the hands of an unqualified phony. Above all, he will not need to decide for himself the difficult and ticklish matter as to whether what ails him needs the service of a psychiatrist or a psychologist; both will be on the clinic staff.

Generally, the majority of psychologists and psychiatrists are clearly distinguishable from each other not only in what they do but also, like all, by their different education and viewpoint. The minority engaged in psychotherapy exclusively, especially psychoanalysis, do pretty much the same thing, and those in both professions who are outstanding are practising what is essentially an art based on the hypotheses of psychodynamics. Whether they are on the right track and gradually accumulating the material of a true science or, as some anti-Freudian thinkers believe, have gone off entirely on the wrong one, only coming generations can know.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1178

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

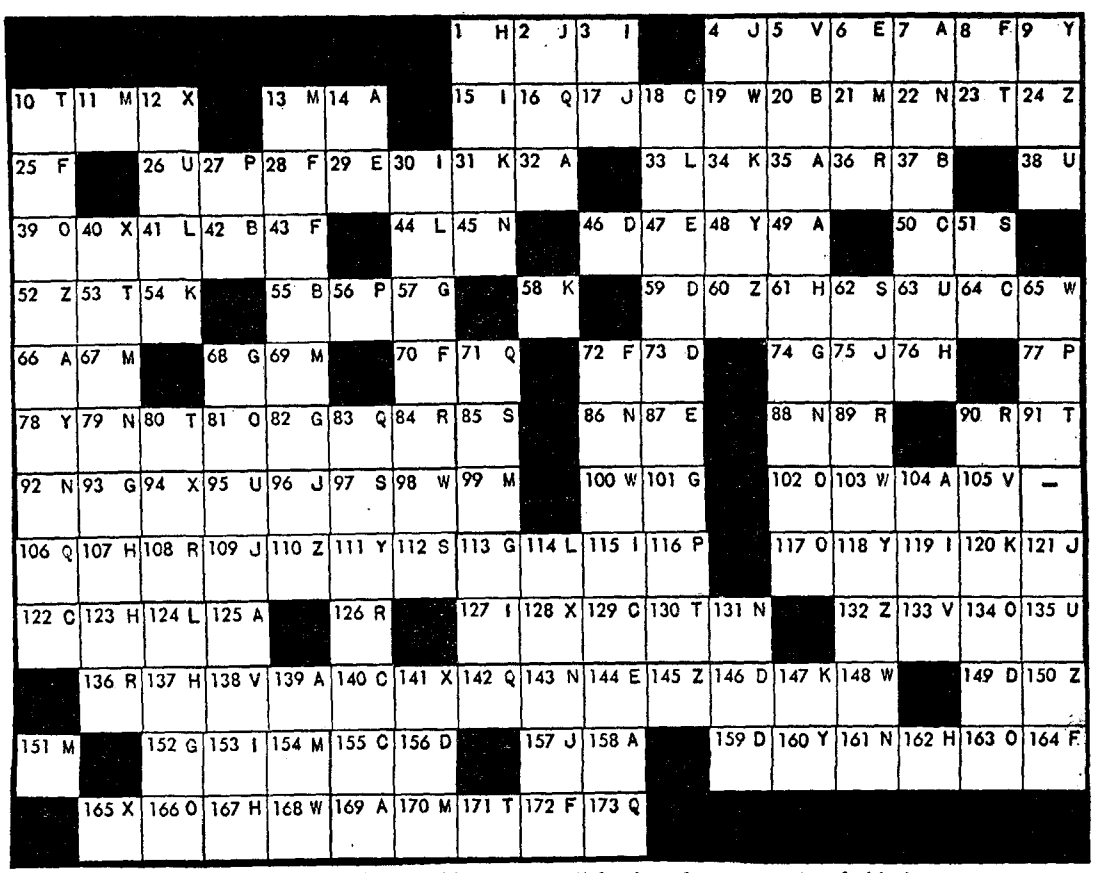
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Followed by Word N, Hassan ben Sabbah, founder of the Assassins (4 wds.).	169 104 125 35 139 32 158 14 66 49 7
B. One of two ropes from peak of gaff to steady it when sail is not set.	20 55 37 42
C. French naval commander of squadron aiding Amer. during Revolution (after d'; 1729-94).	129 64 140 50 122 155 18
D. The "rare" things which the maiden's mother bade her tie up her sleeves with.	159 146 46 149 59 156 73
E. Spread by scattering (archaic sp.).	144 6 87 47 29
F. Extremely small size.	28 72 8 70 164 172 43 25
G. Prone to laughter.	101 82 93 68 152 113 74 57
H. Followed by Word Q, Jean de Ruysbroeck, the mystic (14th cent.).	137 123 167 1 162 76 107 61
I. Followed by Word J, Count Axel Oxenstierna, Swedish statesman (1583-1654; 2 wds.).	30 119 127 115 3 153 15
J. See Word I (2 wds.).	157 2 4 96 75 17 121 109
K. In cooking, a measure of about four fluid ounces.	54 31 58 120 34 147
L. Amer. Army officer, Chief of Staff, 1924.	33 44 41 124 114

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. What the cherub had in Bellamy's old Charade on "Sennacherib" (3 wds.).	21 67 151 69 11 170 99 13 154
N. See Word A.	161 86 92 22 131 79 88 143 45
O. Notwithstanding (2 wds. followed by "of").	163 134 102 117 166 81 39
P. Actor with whom Ethel Merman sang the song "You're Not Sick, You're Just in Love" in "Call Me Madam."	56 116 77 27
Q. See Word H.	173 16 83 71 142 106
R. Repair shops for automotive vehicles; sidings in a canal.	90 126 136 36 108 84 89
S. Inventor of "Basic English" (1889—).	112 97 85 62 51
T. Wandering.	23 91 53 130 171 10 80
U. The Sieva "bean" of southern U.S.	63 95 26 38 135
V. A fold of the dura mater.	105 133 138 5
W. Most unctuous.	100 65 98 19 103 148 168
X. Contemporary Amer. woman poet, frequent collaborator with Robert Graves.	128 40 165 141 12 94
Y. More elegantly concise.	48 111 118 9 160 78
Z. A fairly popular pet of the rodent family.	145 52 132 24 110 60 150

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 67 of this issue

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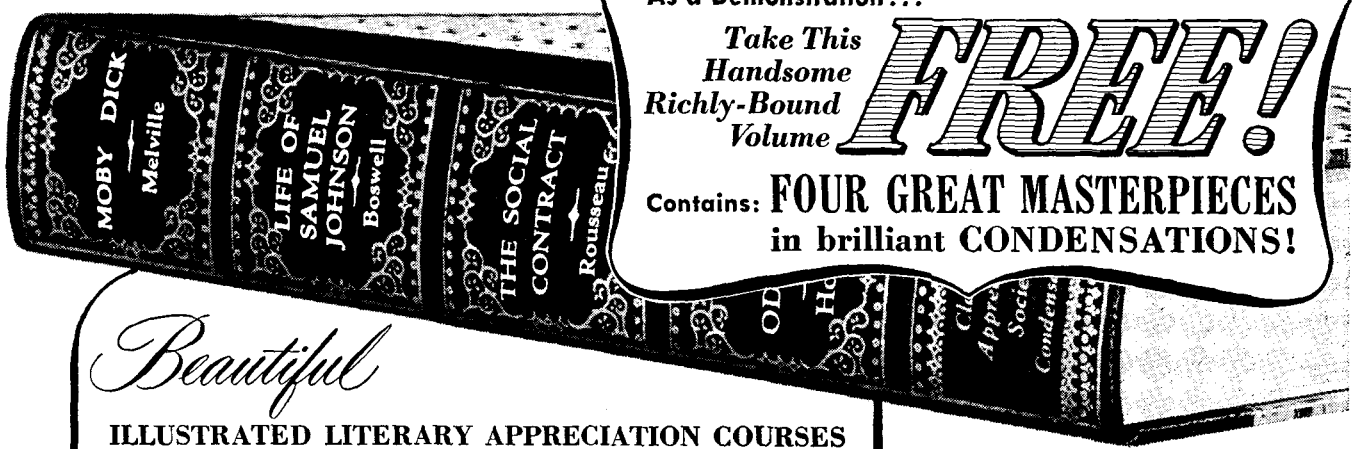

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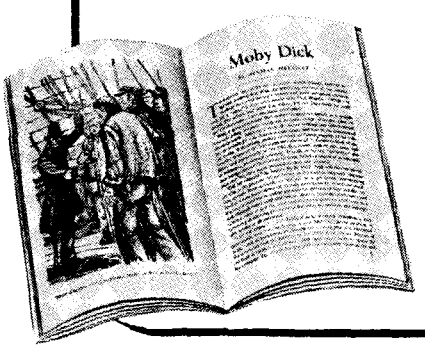

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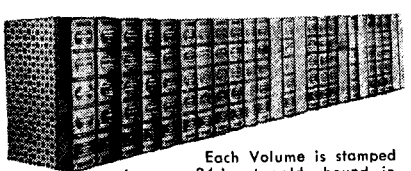

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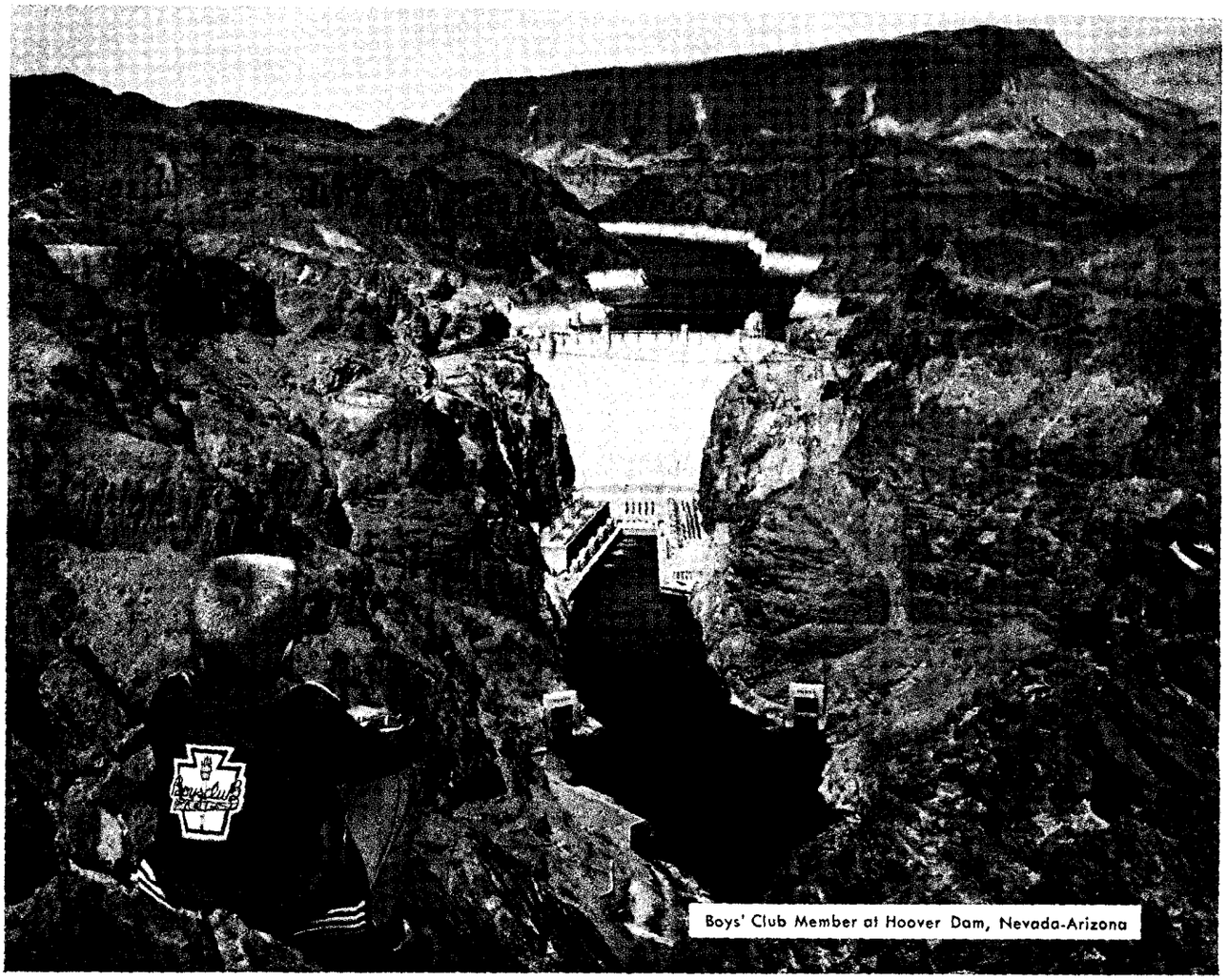

Boys' Club Member at Hoover Dam, Nevada-Arizona

Two monuments to a nation's greatness...

A boy and Hoover Dam . . . Together, they stand for conservation – and each, in a particular way, helps to explain the greatness of America.

A massive monument to the conservation of natural resources, the dam tames the waters of the mighty Colorado to provide power, irrigation, flood control and one of the Southwest's most exciting tourist attractions, Lake Mead.

Unforgettably blue and 115 miles long, Lake Mead is the greatest man-made reservoir in the world. It offers swimming, fishing, boating, picnicking and camping in a highly scenic vacationland.

The boy, as a member of a Boys' Club, stands as a monument, too – to the conservation of *human* resources. His club is part of Boys' Clubs of America which this year celebrates its 50th Anniversary. Described by J. Edgar Hoover, a member of the National Board of Directors, as "a vital institution in the life of our nation," the Boys' Club movement helps *more* than 400,000 boys to better citizenship through worthwhile activities.

Two monuments to conservation: one, over 700 feet high – the other, less than 5. The men who built the dam can stand back and look at it with pride and satisfaction. But the Boys' Club men who are building tomorrow's citizens can be prouder still – for their handiwork is the hope of America.

FREE Tour Information

If you would like to visit Lake Mead National Recreational Area, or drive anywhere in the U.S.A., let us help plan your motor trip. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Corporation, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y. – ask for our colorful National Parks Map.

SINCLAIR SALUTES THE BOYS' CLUBS OF AMERICA for their work in building character and developing well-adjusted citizens for tomorrow's world. Under the guidance of National Board Chairman Herbert Hoover, the dedicated adult leaders of these 437 clubs have shown their faith in the quality of youth, in the belief *that a man never stands so tall as when he bends to help a boy.*

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